The Nation.

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The Week.

THE Senate's hesitant and sullen attitude towards the arbitration treaty has greatly roused the religious press. All the denominational papers last week had emphatic and pointed remarks to make on the subject. It is a peculiar opportunity for such journals to do a great public service, and they are not at all backward about it. The *Independent* has some special dispatches from men of light and leading in England, like Messrs. Bryce and Lecky, urging ratification. On its cover, the *Outlook* prints an appeal to every subscriber to write at once to his two Senators to demand prompt ratification. The *Christian Advocate* does the same on its first page, and makes no concealment of its contempt for the base motives operative at Washington to obstruct the treaty. These are but specimens of what the religious press is saying and doing to show that its professions of devotion to the good of humanity are not idle. Its appeals are most timely, and we cannot doubt that they will be highly effective.

In connection with these appeals and remonstrances addressed to the Senate a strange theory has been broached. It is that it will not do to be too urgent or pungent, for fear that the Senate will reject the treaty out of sheer resentment. The situation is represented as a very delicate one. The pros and cons are being counted up, and it appears that there is a large number of doubtful Senators whom it would be very easy to exasperate into opposing the treaty if the newspapers say anything about it above a whisper. So we must all be very gingerly and diplomatic and mealy-mouthed, and take good care never to enrage our pettish Senators by looking hard at them. How absurd all this is! Is there no such thing, then, as a standard of official duty separate from personal pique? If the Senate can reject a treaty because pressed to ratify it, the same thing might happen in the case of any measure coming before it. We should then be in the situation of being compelled to keep silent about every pending bill, on pain of seeing it defeated if anything were said. The conception of the Senate as sitting in a high Olympic serenity, which it is dangerous to disturb by any outside clamor, is ludicrous. Outside clamor is the only thing many of the Senators care a fig for. If we all keep still, they will vote down the treaty and say they had no idea anybody wanted it ratified. So far as their outraged personal dignity is concerned, that is already enlisted against the treaty. They make no concealment of their desire to defeat it in order to wreak vengeance on the President and Mr. Olney. Are these the lofty legislators whose sensibilities we must be so careful not to shock? How did we ever get the Sherman silver-purchase law repealed except by the country's practically taking the Senate by the throat? The idea that we must all sit by in deferential silence till the Senate acts on the treaty, is the surest way to defeat it. It is a time to speak out, and to speak out loud. The Senate will not dare to reject the treaty in the face of a pronounced public sentiment in its favor; and we must remember that a public sentiment without voice or pen or threat is practically non-existent.

That colossal fabric of fraud and folly, the Nicaragua Canal bill, fell in ruins on Friday and buried Senator Morgan underneath, leaving him gasping and stuttering: "England is at the bottom of it; I'll vote against your arbitration treaty anyhow." Really, Morgan himself is at the bottom of it, and how he will ever get out it is impossible to see. The cause of the catastrophe was a communication from Señor Rodriguez, the Minister of Nicaragua, or of the Central American Republic of which Nicaragua is a part, to Secretary Olney, who transmitted it to Mr. Sherman as chairman of the Senate committee on foreign relations. The latter, although a friend to the project for a Nicaragua Canal, thought that the American people whose money was involved in the pending measure were entitled to know the facts; so he caused the letter to be read at the clerk's desk. Now the supporters of the bill say that this is fresh proof that Sherman is losing his mind; that the communication was a confidential one, and ought not to have been made public. Why should it not be made public? The Nicaragua Canal bill was a public measure. The debate was not in executive session. The reports upon which the debate was proceeding had all been published. All the lying that had been done had been public lying. Why should not the truth be made equally public? Señor Rodriguez, on the other hand, denies that his communication was intended to be confidential, or that he has any feeling of surprise or displeasure at its publication. On the contrary, he says he assumed that it would be transmitted to Congress, and would be made public in one way or another.

Señor Rodriguez's letter presents three main objections to the enactment of the bill by the Congress of the United States. These are (1) that the canal company has no rights in Nicaragua except such as are derived from a contract with the Government of that country dated April 24, 1887, which has already expired; (2) that the contract provided that the control of the canal should not be transferred to any government, whereas the pending bill provides for its transfer to the Government of the United States without the consent of or any consultation with Nicaragua; (3) that the contract requires the delivery to Nicaragua of 6 per cent. of all the securities issued or to be issued for the construction of the canal, which provision was wholly ignored in the pending bill. There were some minor objections to the bill which need not be recounted. The contract, Señor Rodriguez says, was forfeited both by failure to make the final surveys for the location of the line of the canal in the manner provided therein, and by failure to complete a specified amount of work within a certain time. In regard to the final surveys and location of the line, he says that whereas the contract provided that two of the engineers should be appointed by the Government of Nicaragua, the pending bill provides that they shall all be appointed by the President of the United States. "This provision," says Señor Rodriguez, "likewise conduces to the forfeiture of the contract." In other words, the pending bill ignores Nicaragua completely, and disposes of her land, her franchises, and her money as though she were one of our Territories like Arizona or Oklahoma.

This is wonderful, but still more so is the fact, commented on with biting severity by Senator Vilas, that Senator Turpie had pointed out all these defects, inconsistencies, and incapacities in a speech which had occupied parts of three days in the Senate, but had been delivered for the most part to empty benches. Mr. Vilas expressed the opinion that it had been the intention of a majority of the Senate to go ahead and pass this bill binding the United States to guarantee $100,000,000 of the bonds of a company that had no legal existence, no right to build a canal in Nicaragua or anywhere else in the world. Although a member of the Senate had taken the pains to point out these disabilities in convincing terms, the majority had declined even to remain in the Senate while he was speaking. And yet some persons, like Mr. Hoar, are very touchy when any newspaper or educational institution hints that the Senate is not attentive to its duties and that it has seen better days. Mr. Frye seems to be equally nervous. We strongly suspect that both of them intended to "go it blind" on the Nicaragua Canal bill, and would have done so but for the timely coming of Señor Rodriguez's letter.

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Senator Turpie's remarkably good speech against the Nicaragua Canal bill causes us to regret that he lost his balance last week and caused several other Senators to lose theirs. Mr. Turpie had seen something in a Washington newspaper which implied that Secretary Olney and Senator Sherman (who is supposed to have been designated as Olney's successor) had come to an understanding that there should be no action by Congress on Cuban affairs at this session, so that the new Administration should have a free hand in dealing with it. He thought that this proceeding called for a protest on the part of Congress, etc., etc. Senator Sherman assured him that the printed story was false from the beginning, and here the incident might properly have terminated, but it appears that several Senators were loaded on this or cognate subjects, and they "went off" in rapid succession. Senator Hoar had received a communication from some educational institution insisting on prompt ratification of the arbitration treaty. Such doings on the part of college professors, clergymen, and other meddlers he considered ill-judged and in bad taste. In this view he was supported by his colleague, Mr. Lodge, and several other Senators. Senator Gray, on the other hand, thought that it was a good and wholesome sign to find the people interested in the work of the Senate. He was disposed to welcome that sort of "interference." He thought we did not have any too much of it, and he ended by asking Mr. Hoar what he proposed to do about it. "We can at least let the authors of this sort of premature agitation know that they are making a great mistake," replied Mr. Hoar. Now we do not believe that the authors of this agitation will ever agree with Mr. Hoar in considering it premature, however severely he may remind them that it is. That the Senate, which is a part of the treaty-making power, should take due time to deliberate upon this treaty, is not to be gainsaid, nor do we think that an unreasonable time has been occupied with it in the committee on foreign relations. Nevertheless, the spurring that it has received is, as Mr. Gray said, a sign of healthful public interest in an important public matter. So far from causing irritation on the part of the Senators, it ought to be received by them with joy and gladness.

There is much rejoicing among Northern Republicans over the reëlection of Senator Pritchard of North Carolina, but no sound-money man can view it with satisfaction. He owes his success entirely to his virtual acceptance of the Populist creed, having secured the support of enough Populist legislators to give him a majority by promising to vote for free coinage at the ratio of 16 to 1. The only reservation which he makes is, that he will not insist upon a free-coinage rider to a tariff bill. If the elections in other States result as is expected, the Republicans will have with Pritchard 45 votes out of 90 in the next Senate, counting Teller and other former Republicans except the two Nevada Senators on that side; 46 if the Kentucky Legislature shall finally choose a Republican, and 47 if the Senate shall reopen the old controversy over the vacant seat from Delaware and seat Du Pont, whose claims were rejected a year ago.

The general impression among intelligent persons to-day is, that there is not much use in further argument with the persons in power in this State; that they are governed by a class of considerations which cannot be publicly revealed or publicly discussed, so that the work of any critic of public affairs, as far as regards them, has, for practical purposes, ended. The main work of a journalist with regard to them now is simple description of what they are doing and what they say. We find among the great multitude of despondent people only one source of comfort, and that is that the worst has come, and that, if American affairs follow their usual course, we must now be on the eve of improvement. We have apparently reached bottom, and any change hereafter must be for the better. With a Governor like Black, a common Troy politician, denouncing the "civil service" for having too much "starch," and assigning a notorious rogue to the place in the State service which affords largest opportunity for bribery and blackmail, for the simple reason that he secured his (Black's) nomination for the governorship, with a Senate confirming the appointment, through simple unwillingness to "antagonize" the Governor in his first year, and with a United States Senator elected for his skill in distributing blackmail, we shall clearly have reached the lowest point in the degradation of the State. These men can do nothing more without bringing on the interference of the courts, which, thank God, are still pure and upright. What they would doubtless do next, and what they logically ought to do next, if they had the power, would be to muzzle the press and close the churches and schools. But they must stop where they are until we get a chance at them at the polls.

We must all hope heartily that President Low's prophecies as to the excellence of the New York charter, uttered at the Princeton dinner, will be fulfilled. We could not refute a prophet if we tried, and we are all, both makers and critics of the charter, in favor of good government. But on one point we must "carp" at him a little. He testifies to the "faithfulness" and "singlemindedness" of the members of the draft committee, "without a single exception," evidently intending thereby to put Gilroy on the same level with himself and the others. But Gilroy's "faithfulness" and "singlemindedness" in the work of the committee do not meet the objections we made to his presence in that body. Gilroy only two years ago proved himself the most unfaithful Mayor New York has ever had. His appointees were so shocking that they had to be legislated summarily out of office on account of their badness. No such stigma that we can recall, in municipal history, was ever inflicted on a Mayor. He may have been "faithful" in drafting the provision for the Board of Improvements, but he appointed the worst Commissioner of Public Works we have ever had, in the person of a drunken and uneducated furnace-man. Nothing like this has ever happened in New York. He may be a good adviser on financial questions, but he is living in luxury without occupation, having supported a family of at least ten children on a small salary, but after making extensive asphalt contracts through Mike Daly.

President Low's chapter on "Municipal Government," in Bryce's 'American Commonwealth,' is so completely at variance with the position now held by him on the municipal-assembly provisions of the new charter, that we think he owes it to the public to make some explanation of his change of view. He took in this chapter precisely the position which we hold upon the proposal of the charter for a two-chambered assembly, namely, that experience has demonstrated the uselessness of hoping for good results from such bodies. He said that "whether these bodies have been composed of one house or two, the moment a city has become large they have ceased to give satisfactory results," and that "as a rule they have so far abused the large powers given them, in order to carry out to the utmost the idea of local self-government, that almost everywhere the scope of their authority has been greatly restricted." In regard to New York city, he said that every important function had been taken away except that of granting franchises; and if he had been writing a few years later he would have said that this also was restricted because of the scandalous abuses which its possession engendered. What are the considerations which have convinced Mr. Low that better results can be looked for now than at the time at which he wrote, which was only six or seven years ago? Why does he think now that it is desirable to disregard the results of experience? He must have reasons for his change of faith, and as there are thousands of people in the community who look with confidence, and properly so, to him as a leader in matters of this kind, he owes it to them to make these reasons public.

The following words, which stand at the head of the act of last year under

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which the Charter Commission is doing its work, are worth considering at this time: "Passed without the acceptance of the cities of New York and Brooklyn." What this sentence records has perhaps been forgotten by many of our citizens. The act creating the commission and decreeing consolidation was submitted, as the Constitution requires, to the mayors of the two chief cities affected, and, after public hearings upon it, was returned to Albany by them with their disapproval. It was then "jammed through" the Legislature a second time, as it had been a first time, under the lash of Boss Platt. The commission has consequently been doing its work against the wish of the two cities most concerned, as expressed through their official representatives. This fact of itself is a sufficient reason why the charter, when completed, should be submitted to the people of the territory affected for ratification or rejection. The people of the two cities most concerned should especially be given this privilege, since, so far as they have been able to express their will thus far, they have expressed it against the work of the commission. To force them to accept the findings of a commission whose appointment they officially disapproved, without an opportunity to say whether they like it or not, is certainly not democratic government, whatever else it may be.

The vote by which consolidation was decreed was far from being a conclusive demonstration that the people of the territory concerned were in favor of it. The total vote in this city was only 166,505, and the majority in favor less than 37,500. Only about three-fifths of the people voting in the election expressed themselves at all on the subject. In Brooklyn the verdict was much less conclusive, for the majority in favor of consolidation in that city was only 277 votes in a total of 129,466. Nobody can deny that, at the time this vote was taken, very few people in this city had thought seriously about the subject. They certainly had not thought at all about the form which consolidation would take, or about the details of the new government which would have to be formulated. It is absurd to say, in view of these facts, that they must accept, at the hands of a boss-controlled Legislature, which has disregarded their expressed wishes in the matter, any form of government which the boss may choose to give them. If they were entitled to a voice on the question of consolidation, they are entitled also to a voice on the question of the government under which they are to live after consolidation has been effected—all the more so because that government has been formulated by a method of which they have expressly disapproved.

The *Times* publishes an interview with Mr. Haas, President of the Sloss Iron and Steel Company of Alabama, touching the proposed revision of the tariff. "Alabama iron needs no duty at all," says Mr. Haas. "It is underselling English iron in the latter's own country, and is laid down in New York, freight paid, at the price asked for English iron, plus the duty, at the English furnaces, and much cheaper than English iron with the freight added. If the Sloss Company takes any action at all, it will be to ask for a reduction or total abolition of the duty on iron." It is evident that Mr. Haas has been bought with British gold; that is, with the gold that the Britishers are paying him for his iron—in monthly instalments, no doubt. How else can we account for the fact that he is willing to consent to an entire abolition of the duty on iron? Is he not up to the trick of selling his iron to foreigners at lower rates than to Americans? If not, he can learn something to his advantage by joining the steel-rail combine.

The report of the Spanish Minister for the Colonies accompanying the decree granting administrative reforms to Porto Rico makes incidental acknowledgment of the extent and strength of the Cuban insurrection. In this respect it goes farther than any official Spanish utterance which we can recall. It admits that the rebellion was "from the first vigorous and menacing," and now, after nearly two years of tremendous exertions by the Spanish Government, all that is predicted is the pacification ere long of "the most populous parts of the island." The reforms extended to Porto Rico are in the form of decrees changing the organic law so as to give greater local control, both administrative and financial. Detailed regulations are to follow. The whole is frankly acknowledged to be but a qualified home rule. Not only is Spain's supremacy to be guarded, but, practically, her right to interfere and dictate wherever she pleases. The elastic phrase of the Queen's speech is, "provided always that the rights of sovereignty are maintained intact, along with the *conditions necessary* to continue them in force." Home rule such as Canada enjoys has never been contemplated. The greater measure of self-government conceded to Porto Rico will be extended to Cuba as soon as the insurrection is stamped out—perhaps before. There seems no likelihood, however, that the Cubans will now be satisfied with anything of the kind.

Russia's preparations to adopt the gold standard are described in the last budget report of the Minister of Finance. He refers to the conflicting rumors set afloat about serious changes in the plan, if not its temporary abandonment, but affirms that the main purpose—to fix the price of paper in gold—cannot be changed. M. Witte admits that some features of the plan are undergoing revision by the Council of State; but the chief thing is to accustom the Russian commercial public to the gold standard. This has been accomplished, in part, by the gradual assumption by the State Bank of the duty of cashing paper money in gold on demand, at the rate of 1 ruble gold to 1½ in paper. While the total note circulation amounts to 1,121,300,000 rubles, the Treasury's stock of gold now stands at 804,000,000 rubles, of which an amount equal to 70 per cent. of the paper currency is designated for its redemption. The Minister's description of the financial condition of Russia is rose-colored; the receipts, according to him, having risen far beyond the estimates, with everything promising in the future. Some of his statements are rather sharply challenged by the London *Economist*, though it admits that the success of the Siberian railway and the surprising agricultural and industrial developments along its line almost justify the Minister's extravagant prophecies.

There is a "Plate-Glass Bevellers' Trade Union" in London which recently brought on a strike against Messrs. Bailey, glass-silverers and bevellers. The strikers forthwith proceeded to "picket" the Messrs. Bailey's premises. About forty or fifty men surrounded the house, trying to get the remaining workmen away, intimidating and assaulting the new arrivals, following Bailey's brougham with hooting and yells, and marching past with banners. All this, according to Judge Wendell Holmes, they had a right to do if their motives were good—that is, if they intended, not to annoy the Baileys, but to improve their own condition; a Jesuitical distinction over which Pascal makes very merry in the Provincial Letters. All strikes of this kind are based on the assumption that men in Bailey's employment have a moral right to stay in it as long as they please on their own conditions, no matter whether Bailey wants them or not—a doctrine which lights up "Christian socialism" with a ray of humor. If it were applied to any other relation in life except that of employer and workman, it would fill the land with laughter. But the Baileys brought an action against the secretary, assistant secretary, the treasurer, and members of the executive council of the union, before a special jury in the Queen's Bench division. After the plaintiffs' evidence had been heard the union gave in, and acknowledged their fault, and asked the jury to assess the damages, which the jury did, and made them at $3,370, but the Messrs. Bailey said they never expected to get a cent of it. However, they got a perpetual injunction against the strikers, so that if these annoy the Baileys any more, they will be locked up.

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FOR SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

We have not exerted ourselves overmuch in helping Major McKinley to form a cabinet, nor do we intend to begin now; but we shall briefly indicate some of the qualifications needed in the Treasury Department, in the absence of which there will almost certainly be trouble, both financial and political. A glance at the situation of the Treasury will show what is required of a Secretary, and how necessary it is for the success of the Administration that he should possess both financial training and decision of character. The first fact that confronts us is the deficit. Receipts are not equal to expenses. Worse still, Congress is incapable of either adding to the receipts or lessening the expenses. This is the most depressing fact in the situation. There is a large sum in currency in the Treasury, the proceeds of bond sales, which Congress seems determined to spend on public-building jobs, or river-and-harbor jobs, or Nicaragua Canal jobs, or in other ways, while doing nothing to choke the deficit, although the trouble might be cured by a bill not larger than one page, either by a few additions to the internal taxes or to the *revenue* items of the tariff. The reasons why this is not done are very plain, but we will not consider them now.

The fact that profligacy, deficit, and imbecility are running together is what confronts us. This is the first fact that the new Secretary has to grapple with. How shall he do it? Senator Sherman said at the last session that he ought to refuse to pay out more money than he takes in, no matter what the consequences might be. This policy implies that the Secretary shall select among the appropriations of Congress the ones to be paid and allow the others to pile up behind him. This is what Secretary Foster did in the last year of the Harrison Administration. The deficit, as everybody knows, was produced by the McKinley tariff. Its declared purpose was to "reduce the revenue," and it accomplished its aim and rather more. The borrowing policy enabled Secretary Carlisle to pay up the accumulated bills of his predecessor and to meet the extravagance of Congress. The time has come now to stop this spendthrift career. We need a Secretary who will give public notice that he will pay no bills in excess of his income. It is not at all certain that the forthcoming tariff bill will choke the deficit. So far as we are able to judge, public revenue is not the main thing to be considered in that measure. It is still uncertain whether the measure itself can pass the Senate in the shape that it comes from the House. Even if it does pass, the amount of revenue derivable from it will be an uncertain quantity for a year or more. For these reasons the new Secretary must be a man of resolution—one who will take a position regarding the balance between income and outgo, and maintain it at all hazards.

This is all the more necessary since the maintenance of gold payments depends upon it. If the recent election decided anything it decided that the gold standard should be maintained. It cannot be permanently maintained by borrowing. Everybody recognizes this fact. The reason why the Bryanites are so madly opposed to borrowing is that it enables the Government to maintain the gold standard. An end must come to borrowing, however. Public opinion has sanctioned it as an emergency measure, not as a permanent resource. The new Secretary must be a man versed in financial science and skilled in the art of presenting it to Congress and the public. The greatest problem that confronts the new Administration is that of settling the money question so that the Treasury shall get back to its original and proper function of collecting and disbursing the public revenues, and shall abandon the attempt to do a quasi-banking business in addition, which it took up in the stress of war. To get back to safe moorings, so that the business community shall not be in a constant tremble about the standard of value, is a matter of extreme delicacy. The Secretary of the Treasury ought to be a man who can speak with authority on questions of this class. He should be a man on whom Congress would lean for information and guidance as to doubtful points in banking science.

Such a man is Mr. Lyman J. Gage of Chicago, who does not seek the office, but, it is gratifying to observe, would not refuse it if it were tendered him, as seems possible. The choice of him would be interpreted to promise an earnest and intelligent effort on the part of the new Administration to carry out the purposes which the people had in view when they gave their votes to the nominees of the St. Louis convention. It is safe to say that Mr. Gage is a believer in the gold standard without any ifs or buts. He is not for bimetallism, national or international. He is a believer in a banking system regulated by, but otherwise independent of, the Government. We judge that he is in accord with the financial policy marked out by the Indianapolis conference. We draw this inference from the fact that this platform is supported by the group of business men in Chicago with whom Mr. Gage has always been associated. We believe that it was the intention of the promoters of the Indianapolis conference to ask Mr. Gage to serve on the proposed commission to prepare a plan of currency reform, not because he favors any particular plan, but rather because he is not committed to any particular plan. It is needless to say that, in the higher position to which he seems likely to be called, he will have the cordial support of the men composing that conference and of the commercial bodies which they represented. This means a great deal. It means that the business interests of the country will be united in support of the new Administration at the beginning of its term. Whether this support will last will depend on what is to happen later, but with Mr. Gage at the head of the Treasury there can be no doubt that the Administration will start under the best auspices.

We think, too, that Mr. McKinley will find in Mr. Gage the stanchest supporter of what the Governor of New York calls "civil service." In the efforts made with such success in Chicago to promote the merit system of filling public offices, Mr. Gage has always been a zealous worker, as in all other public-spirited enterprises. In short, he represents a high type of American citizenship, of the kind which neither seeks office nor avoids it. We presume that he would prefer not to be Secretary of the Treasury or anything else than what he is now, but that he does not feel at liberty to decline the position if his friends think that he can be useful to his country. It is a fact, too, that by taking the office he will make a heavy pecuniary sacrifice.

If the national finances were not in a critical state, it would be idle to expect that such a man as Mr. Gage would be called to the chair of the Treasury. If it were all plain sailing, some politician would probably be chosen, somebody skilled in manipulating conventions, getting votes at primaries, and distributing offices. Mr. Gage has no fitness for those employments, but, on the contrary, the greatest possible aversion to them. His selection for the place, if he be selected, will be a tacit acknowledgment by the President-elect and his party that there is something wrong with the finances, and that unless it is righted during McKinley's term there will be disaster at the end of it. Still, we must not expect too much. All that any Secretary can do is to recommend wise policies to Congress. He will have influence—indeed, his position as well as his personal reputation will give him that; but he cannot do everything. He will not have a bed of roses.

THE DECLINE OF CONGRESS.

Senator Cabot Lodge has been writing in the *Herald* a protest against the prevailing notion that the oratory and legislation of Congress have fallen off. He says:

"It is habitual in the newspapers and in conversation to sneer at the debates in Congress, as it is at everything connected with that body, and to speak of it always, as Mr. Maclay did of the first Senate in our history, and as succeeding Maclays have spoken of every Senate and House, as degenerate. Yet I have noticed a general willingness on the part of American citizens to accept a seat in either branch of Congress, and even a disposition to struggle for a place in this degenerate assembly. The truth is, that if any one will take the trouble to follow the debates—a privilege which the general public does not

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now enjoy—he will find that, while there is unquestionably a certain amount of ignorance and cheap talk and empty declamation inseparable from any popular representative assembly, the discussion on the whole is carried on vigorously and effectively, and with a great deal of special information on the many and varied subjects which come before both the Senate and the House."

This suggests very strongly the remark that it is nearly as ridiculous for a member of Congress to go about maintaining, against the general opinion, that the body to which he belongs stands as high as ever, as it would be for an individual to go about maintaining that he was a far greater man than people thought he was. In the matter of reputation, the maxim, *securus judicat orbis terrarum*, is, as a rule, as correct as ever, with regard both to public and private men. Men or assemblies are almost without exception what the world, after long years of observation, considers them. The efforts of a man to dispute the prevailing opinion about his own merits either as orator, statesman, or legislator, are generally extremely ludicrous, and end in consigning him to lower depths than he could reach in any other way.

The reputation of Congress is not based on its oratory, because the public does not hear it. It is based on its conduct as a legislature; and the popular opinion about its oratory is a deduction from its statesmanship. People conclude, perhaps too hastily, that a man who acts like a fool cannot make a good speech. Mr. Lodge's conclusion, that Congress cannot be so bad because so many people want to get into it, is a fair specimen of the reasoning which has brought the Senate into disrepute. It reminds us of Horace Greeley's opposition to the increase of the salaries of the judges, on the ground that plenty of judges could be got for half the amount. It would not be possible for Congress to sink so low that thousands would not seek seats in it, as long as the salary of Congressman was $5,000 a year. The idea that the place is sought on account of the high reputation of the body approaches perilously near a joke. Besides this, everybody knows how Congressmen are selected. The fact that McClellan and Quigg sit for New York is full of instruction. It throws more light on the character of Congress than any number of illustrated articles.

Among the things which of recent years have brought the Senate into disrepute are, not bad oratory, but silly and corrupt legislation, such as the purchase of $4,000,000 of silver a month for simple storage in order to help the silver-miners; obstinate resistance for months to the repeal of this act, in defiance of the pronounced opinion of the country, and indifference to the effect on business; the introduction of a resolution by a prominent Senator (Mr. Lodge himself) proposing to put a discriminating duty on the goods of a friendly nation in order to force it to change its standard of value; and the instantaneous "standing behind Cleveland" in the Venezuela affair. This deserves more than a passing mention, because the Constitution put the power of declaring war into the hands of Congress in order to secure deliberation. Although Mr. Cleveland's message declared his intention to draw a frontier line for a friendly nation against its will, and to defend such line by force, and although it was considered a hostile message the world over, Congress, which knew nothing of the merits of the dispute, instantly voted him the money to carry it out, without any inquiry or deliberation. This was done, too, in spite of the often declared dislike and distrust of the President and his Administration by the majority. People naturally contrast with this the slow and unfriendly consideration bestowed on Mr. Cleveland's recent message of peace in the shape of the arbitration treaty. Months for peace, ten minutes for war, although the function of a legislature is not to fight, but discuss.

Another cause, and not the least of the causes of the popular contempt for Congress, is its inability to perform one of the primary duties of a modern government, namely, to regulate the finances and protect the credit of the country. Eighteen years have elapsed since the restoration of specie payments, which was only one step towards the curing of the financial disorder caused by the war; the others were the redemption of the remaining Government obligations, and the permanent release of the Government from the duty of maintaining a reserve for commercial purposes. In that interval Congress has shown itself totally unable to formulate any financial policy and pursue it. No man has arisen to a position of commanding influence in it on financial questions, and the talk of most on such questions has amused mankind and inspired distrust among investors. The time which was due to financial reform was passed in buying bar silver and treating the metal as a living entity. Another one of the leading functions of government is the protection of credit, that marvellous force which has come into existence almost in our own day, and is now the chief source of national prosperity. It is the principal care of every civilized state to-day, and probably the principal cause of the inactivity of the enormous modern armaments. Our Congress has for years displayed nearly as much indifference to it as Turkey, and has not hesitated to discuss and pass resolutions threatening interference in foreign affairs, which disordered the business enterprises and expectations of the whole country, and which no intelligent man expected to lead to any result. The author of the last of these has acted so suspiciously, by flight from the debate which he invited, as to spread the belief that he introduced it as a stock-jobbing transaction.

Most of these observations apply to the Senate only. We need hardly say more of the House than that seven years ago its presiding officer declared, with thanks to God, "that it was not a deliberative body," in order to secure the passage of a bill which many, including Senator Lodge, defended on the stump because it was likely to produce dearness of commodities, and which ended in producing out of doors the overwhelming defeat of the party. If the House be not a deliberative body, what is it? All popular assemblies which are not meant to deliberate, and are not organized for military purposes, under defined command, are necessarily mobs, and the day is distant, we trust, when civilized men will respect mobs. We have here recalled only a small portion of the things which have exposed Congress to popular contempt, and the remedy is not to write articles saying it is wise and eloquent, but to *be* wise and eloquent. Its career for the last ten years has caused great national despondency and distrust, which cannot be removed by self-praise.

A SOCIALIST EXPERIMENT.

On the 1st of August in the year 1895, a great strike broke out in the Ste.-Clotilde glassworks at Carmaux, in France. This was occasioned by the discharge of a workman, named Baudot, who had been absent from the shop without permission for a fortnight in order to take part in the Socialist Congress at Marseilles, to which he had been sent as a delegate. His fellow-workmen sympathized with Baudot and made common cause with him, and as another delegate, Pelletier by name, of Bousquet-d'Orb, had also been discharged for the same reason, the workmen of this second shop followed the example of Carmaux, and the strike became general. The whole Socialist party took up arms in behalf of the workmen, and many of its leaders installed themselves at Carmaux in order to direct the strike. They were opposed by M. Rességuier, the manager of the Ste.-Clotilde works, an able and resolute man, who put all his energy into the fight.

The usual incidents of a strike followed: assaults and violence of all kinds, general turmoil, and the destruction of business; and anarchy reigned for several weeks. At last, on the 1st of October, the management determined to light a single furnace. To this end it had recruited a new body of workmen at Bordeaux and at Rive-de-Gier, some of them being drawn from an independent half-Socialist workshop at the last-named place. After this, men, some of them from Carmaux itself, offered themselves for work in such numbers that a fortnight later a second furnace was lighted, and on the 11th of November a third, manned exclusively by Carmausins. The strike, in fact, was broken and defeated.

At this point, on the intervention of M. Jaurès, the Minister of the Interior (who

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at that time was M. Bourgeois), sent down to Carmaux the director of the Sûreté Générale, M. Poirson, to ask the management of the Ste.-Clotilde works to take back all the strikers and give them employment together with the new workmen, reducing, if necessary, the number of hours of labor or the number of days' work in the week. The management refused. M. Jaurès thereupon declared that "the glassworkers of Carmaux would go back to the shop only when they had founded a *Verrerie ouvrière* which should be an asylum for their militant brethren, and when the public power should have taken such measures as were necessary to assure syndical liberties." A bill to meet the latter purpose was, in fact, introduced into the Chamber of Deputies by the Socialist group. In the meantime the fourth and last furnace of the Ste.-Clotilde works was lighted. All the strikers came back and asked for work. The management made its choice. Three hundred and twenty persons were left unemployed, victims of a strike essentially political. In order to give work to these 320 persons the Socialist party determined to create a *Verrerie ouvrière*.

The first step was, of course, to get together the necessary capital. This proved to be a not very difficult task, and was accomplished mainly through the energy and activity of M. Henri Rochefort, though not much of the money came from his own well-filled pocket. A certain Mme. Dembourg subscribed 100,000 francs, 205,000 francs were brought in by subscription tickets at a franc apiece, other considerable sums were granted by workingmen's societies, so that on the 26th of last October, when the *Verrerie ouvrière* was inaugurated, its direction had 415,000 francs either in hand or in the plant. There had been a good deal of discussion as to the place where the new works should be begun. Carmaux had suffered greatly from the strike, and naturally was anxious to reap whatever benefit might accrue from the new venture. But another town near by, only sixteen kilometres off, had been almost destroyed by the great strike of 1882, in which the town had lost through emigration some 8,000 of its inhabitants. One whole quarter of Albi had become as desolate as a graveyard, and land there had almost lost its value. What influence this had on the location of the new *verrerie* we do not know, but the foundation was made at Albi and not at Carmaux.

Another preliminary question that caused some trouble and much debate among the chiefs of the party, was the determination of the end to which the profits of the new shop should be devoted. It was thought dangerous to divide them among the workmen, and so expose them to the temptation of becoming capitalists themselves. This question was finally settled by agreeing to turn in all such profits to the treasury of the Socialist propaganda. At last the works were formally opened with much oratory on the part of the eloquent M. Jaurès and his associates. It is said that no glass was made on this occasion, but a good fire was built in the furnace, and the chimney smoked. The glass-making part of the works, in fact, is hardly yet in full running order, and many of the glass-workers have been and are still engaged in the construction of the buildings. Perhaps no glass-working would have been done yet if an order had not been received from an important house in the east of France for 200,000 bottles; for, after all, the money which the syndicate had in hand was not enough to justify them in lighting their furnaces. With this order as security they were able to borrow 100,000 francs from the enemy, as it were—that is to say, from a great Paris bank—and this is their working capital. This step must have been painful, but it was necessary, and yet it was only a beginning of troubles.

The Albi of Socialist dreams was to be a paradise. The yoke of the tyranny of the patron was to be shaken off, workmen were to lead there a quiet, peaceful life, of perfect freedom, with but faint memories of their troubled past. No abuse of power would occur there, no painful restrictive rules, no fines, no sudden discharges. The régime of the Rességuiers was passed away and done with for all time. The facts unhappily correspond but faintly to the dream. The workmen at Albi found from the beginning in full force a directive authority far more rigorous than the old patron was, a table of rules more Draconian than any they had ever known. Even the sacred right of grumbling was taken away from them. Far from being allowed, as before, to curse the patron, or insult him, or even call him a blood-sucker, they are now forbidden to indulge in any injurious criticism upon the directory, under pain of suspension or dismission. Four workmen have just been sent away for this reason, and that is not the only constraint to which the workmen have to submit. The internal regulation of the shop is very severe, and its discipline is very strict. In the old days they protested against fines and were constantly demanding that these should be abolished; now they have to pay, and pay dear, for the slightest tardiness or absence. They find, to their surprise, that the little finger of their present masters is heavier than the whole hand of the masters against whom they rose.

These are the first results of the Socialist experiment at Albi. What does the story teach? Nothing but an old lesson, drawn from long human experience, easy to be seen and read of all men, and yet, it would seem, very hard to learn. This is far from being the first time in the world's history that the tyranny of the Lords Brethren has proved less tolerable than the tyranny of the Lords Bishops.

DIVERSIONS OF FEELING IN GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

DUBLIN, January 10, 1897.

IT would be difficult to recall in political movements such another fiasco as that which has, since the autumn of 1890, befallen the British Liberal and Irish Home Rule parties—then triumphantly and enthusiastically marching together, under able leaders, apparently to a large majority and assured victory at the next election; now leaderless, dispirited and disorganized, with a majority of 150 against them securely seated for several years to come.

There must be causes for this apart from the fall of Mr. Parnell and the retirement of Mr. Gladstone. It has been due mainly, as far as Great Britain is concerned, to the unexpected development of sentiments that we must now recognize in the average British elector—the love of domination, the disinclination to relinquish in any degree his assumed right to interfere in the affairs of others, the desire to obtain and retain power at home and abroad wherever he believes that power will forward his interests and give greater scope for the exercise of British abilities. In Ireland it has been due mainly, among Protestants, to their fear of Catholic domination; among the ascendancy classes, to their desire to retain ascendancy; and, through religious and class sympathies, both have succeeded in permeating the British electorate with their opinions. Under the calm brought about by recent land legislation and the hopes of home rule, the Home-Rulers could no longer appeal to the sympathies of the same electorate by citing cases of cruel imprisonments and arbitrary evictions; and Ulster came with full effect to wave the bloody shirt concerning the "mightbes" under home rule. These, much more than Irish divisions, had most to do with breaking up the Liberal party. Irish divisions may fatally affect the progress of events in the future, but they furnished no real ground for the change. However otherwise separated, Irish Nationalists are united regarding main issues, and their divisions answer a prominent objection of the Protestant minority, that an unbreakable, overwhelming majority would always oppose them in an Irish parliament.

There are, however, other tendencies less apparent, that have strengthened what may be termed reactionary imperial feeling. Formerly those directly interested in government were drawn from a comparatively small class in the country. The civil and military services are now practically thrown open to all through open competition. There is scarcely a school without a boy or girl hoping to pass some examination and obtain Government employ. With the extension of the franchise and the spread and acceptance of trades-unions a new elemeat has entered into politics—"labor." That far-reaching parliamentary resolution regarding all public work being executed at trades union rates has subjected every imperial and local institution in the three kingdoms to the constant supervision of the labor party. It has become the direct interest of vast federations of workers that as much public money as possible should be spent, and it is only recently that they have realized the extent to which political power may advance their interests. We cannot affirm what the ultimate effect of these influences on old party lines may be. Here in Dublin the United Trades, formerly a Nationalist body, lately supported the candidacy of a Conservative Lord Mayor because it would

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deprive a Home-Ruler of a second term, and involve the expenditure of some two thousand pounds in new liveries and carriages. The removal of bodies of troops, the shutting up of barracks in Irish towns, is now often objected to in Parliament by Home Rule members because of the loss of custom to their constituents. Extensive new barracks have lately been added to the ring of ten military posts encompassing Dublin. A National M.P. of the old type proposed to oppose the expenditure as unnecessary, and as illustrative of the stringency by which Ireland was being governed. He was warned on no account to oppose the interests of the trades in the expenditure, "with whom, before everything else, the principle of *airgead sios** weighs."

Every extension of imperial power, every increase of wealth, all centralization, tends to increase the size and importance of London. Including the county in which it stands, it already monopolizes one-tenth of the parliamentary representation—as much as is enjoyed by Scotland. This large number, exercising an immediately environing influence, will be found increasingly an obstacle to wise decentralization. (Your capital, Washington, I believe, sends no representative to Congress.) A retrograde influence has been the number of civil and military servants returning on pension after comparatively short terms of service in India, saturated with contempt of popular principles of government. It is but of late years that the opening of the Indian service to free competition has begun to tell upon all classes of the community. Rapid communication and scientific weapons have made aggrandizement and the occupation of new territory increasingly easy, and the illustrated papers vividly bring home to the masses the glories and the progress of their empire. It is more difficult than formerly to reach the nation's heart and conscience on moral themes or questions of abstract justice. Under a franchise restricted to the middle classes, they alone had to be convinced. I feel satisfied, as I have before suggested in these columns, that it would be now more difficult than it was at the time to accomplish reforms such as negro emancipation and free trade. Added to all this, education and civilization have made such rapid advances, and free trade has brought such increased comfort to the masses of British workers, that, themselves satisfied with political privilege and influence, they are less inclined to consider the wants and wishes of others, especially when requiring some effort of the imagination to understand. Disappointment regarding Italy and France, and the extent to which political corruption prevails in the United States, have discouraged many from attempting wide reforms. "Since last I saw you I spent some years in New York, and followed the police inquiry of a few years ago," was the explanation given lately in my presence by one who has changed from home rule to conservatism.

So, for the present, public feeling slumbers regarding great issues. Here in Ireland, meanwhile, an old question made new—the overtaxation of the country—has come with a rush to the front, and we see, for the first time in the century, a demand unitedly made by all classes against England. The position is extremely interesting and remarkable. One Irish peer reminds the Government of the tea cast into Boston harbor. A deputy lieutenant of a county, one of the Edgeworths, declares it is "the paramount duty of every honest Irishman to protest, with all possible emphasis, against the unfair and cruel and cowardly system of extorted tribute under which our miserable country is bleeding to death." For the first time the Protestant and Catholic Archbishops of Dublin appear together on the same platform. It is satisfactory that, on any ground, this union should have come about. We have the principal Irish Home-Rule daily writing of the death of the editor of the principal Unionist daily: "In him the Irish press loses a brilliant journalist, and the cause of financial reform an invaluable advocate. His death at the present moment is a national loss. There was no stauncher friend of the financial cause than he."

The result is doubtful. Will nobility and gentry, in coöperating with Nationalists, acquire the love of leadership and finally lead the people towards some home-rule settlement; or will the people be drawn away by them from their old national leaders, now at loggerheads among themselves, and from national aspirations to questions in which *airgead sios* more directly prevails? Even the British press is beginning to realize the importance of the movement, which is, of course, based upon the report of the Financial Relations Commission, of which you have been already informed. The Act of Union constituted Ireland, for the purposes of taxation, a separate country, to be separately considered, and dealt with apart (whether under a system of proportional contribution or contribution by equal taxes on the same articles in each country), "subject to such peculiar exemptions and abatements as the circumstances of Ireland might from time to time demand." The Commission was a strong one, largely composed of expert financiers selected from among all parties. Eleven of the thirteen, including The O'Conor Don (the chairman, a staunch Unionist) and Lords Farrer and Welby, reported:

"That Great Britain and Ireland must, for the purpose of this inquiry, be considered as separate entities. That the Act of Union imposed upon Ireland a burthen which, as events showed, she was unable to bear. That the increase of taxation laid upon Ireland between 1853 and 1860 was not justified by the then existing circumstances. That identity of rates of taxation does not necessarily involve equality of burthen. That while the actual tax revenue of Ireland is about one eleventh that of Great Britain, the relative taxable capacity of Ireland is very much smaller, and is not estimated by any of us as exceeding one-twentieth."

Under this estimate Ireland is at present overtaxed to the extent of £2,750,000 per annum. When agitation ran high, the Unionists were loud in their declarations that they were prepared to grant anything in reason, short of home rule, generally desired by Irishmen. They have now an opportunity of proving their sincerity. Of all mean ways of evading the question, the proposal for a new commission of inquiry, now that one has decided against Government, would be the meanest. Fiscal questions are proverbially complicated. The present will give ample scope for discussion. The report of the commissioners, with their appendices and accompanying two volumes of evidence, are replete with interest, and will for years be standard works of reference relating to Irish finance.

There are many side issues. If articles of consumption were differently taxed in the two countries, customs barriers should be maintained. If an annual return of imperial taxes overlevied is to be made to Ireland for expenditure here, the demoralization incident to already bloated administrative charges might be increased. Those who believe the consumption of spirits to be an evil, cannot feel deep concern regarding increased taxation due largely to heavy duty on spirits which must diminish consumption, with the impossibility of illicit distillation in this country. Fifty years ago the tax on spirits in Ireland was 2s. 8d.; it is now 10s. 6d. per gallon. It is right to bear in mind that, even in the matter of spirits, the average Irishman consumes less than the average Briton. The following was the value per head of the consumption of dutiable articles in the two countries in 1892-93. Great Britain: Tobacco 12s. 11d., tea 10s. 1d., spirits 29s., beer 53s.; total £5 5s. Ireland: Tobacco 12s. 5d, tea 11s., 10d., spirits 26s. 6d., beer 27s. 2d.; total £3 17s. 11d. The reason the results of intemperance are so much more painfully apparent in Ireland than in Great Britain is, that the Irishman, though drinking less, really drinks a much larger proportion of his more limited income, and that he does not consume it so regularly or (if we might apply the expression) temperately, and, when he does drink, he drinks oftener to excess.

Much curious information is afforded, in tables of unquestioned accuracy, regarding the anomalies resulting from the present government of Ireland. Taking into account expenditure for imperial purposes, Ireland in 1829-30 afforded to the Empire a profit of £4,156,576; in 1893-94 only £1,966,094. In 1819-20 the civil government charges of Great Britain were 1s. 7d. per head of the population; in Ireland, 1s. 10d. In 1893-94 these had been increased to 11s. 5d. and 19s. 7d. respectively. The charge for civil pensions in Ireland is proportionately double what it is in Great Britain. In Belgium, a wealthy country, the civil administration costs but 10s. per head; the total salaries of the fifteen judges of the two courts of justice reach but £6,000 per annum. The Irish Lord Chancellor alone receives £8,000. The zest with which Conservatives are throwing themselves into the movement may be partly accounted for by the fact that many of the heavy increases of Irish taxation were made by Liberal administrations, and that if the Home Rule bill had passed, the present taxation, now declared ruinous, would have been riveted on the country.

I do not regard £3,000,000 more or less taxation raised mainly on luxuries (more or less injurious) as the greatest impediment to the prosperity of Ireland. The manly and womanly qualities of her people require to be drawn out by greater responsibility and greater power of initiative. D. B.

Airgead sios, Irish for "hard money."

TAINE'S PROVINCIAL NOTE-BOOKS.—II.

PARIS, January 13, 1897.

I LEFT Taine at Toulouse. He describes very graphically the city and its inhabitants, "diminutives of Italians." He is struck by the number of religious establishments in this provincial capital, and counts 77 such houses for a population of 100,000 inhabitants; among them three great colleges, each with 500 pupils. He had observed the same thing in Poitiers—38 religious houses for 35,000 inhabitants. "In Paris the colleges conducted by priests enter 80 young men every year at Saint-Cyr." This was written between 1863 and 1865. Taine was struck by the influence of the clergy; he speaks of the

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great legacies made yearly to them in the province:

"We have no idea of this in Paris. We live in a small circle of learned and clever sceptics; we do not see the great public, *la grosse France*. We writers have a particular need to know these facts. What does a *provincial* merchant, functionary, nobleman, farmer, proprietor read? Almost nothing. They are outside of our life. Into this stagnant pond drops the ecclesiastical net. The old ladies, the fathers who have become conservatives, leave something to the clergy."

The want of cohesion among the classes excites Taine's astonishment. "Each society here keeps to itself. Many small noblemen, families with an income of ten to thirty thousand francs a year, spend three months in Toulouse with more or less luxury, and the rest of the time in the country for economy's sake. . . . Below them come the functionaries, then the bourgeois, the newly rich." This division of classes is perhaps more marked now than it ever was. General Trochu observes, in his interesting memoirs, that one of the consequences of a revolution is to divide the country into conquerors and conquered; France has had many revolutions, and each crisis creates new malcontents.

If there is a class which Taine had no opportunity of studying, it is that of the small noblemen of the province. They really form a nation in the nation; they have lost all their privileges except the privileges of vanity, which no government can take away from them, as these belong to the realm of imagination. Among our great writers, Balzac, in his 'Comédie Humaine,' has best described this class. Taine contents himself with noting, wherever he goes, their voluntary isolation. At Lyons, a professor tells him that "there is a small noble population, exclusive, insignifi cant, which spends its summer in its châteaux in the Beaujolais." At Besançon, he writes: "Exclusive nobility, terribly proud, even more than at Dijon, and allied to the clergy." At Poitiers, "The noblemen form a class of their own; when I was there a new Prefect invited all society, bourgeois and noblemen, to a ball. In a minute two camps were formed in the drawing-room, with a void between. A few bold young men alone established some communication. The Prefect did not repeat the experiment." "These nobles," he says, "have many children; no occupation, no office—it would be beneath them." "The old houses of the nobility are ugly and sombre, without any outside show; inside are majestic drawing-rooms, and the gardens are real parks. Add to this the thirty-eight closed convents, and you have an extraordinary city: small, tortuous streets, with old grass-grown pavements, at long intervals a lamp going out in the night, a perfect solitude at eight o'clock in the evening and often in the daytime."

These notes of Taine leave on the mind a rather painful impression, as if testifying everywhere to a certain absence of vitality. To be sure, they were written under the Empire, at a time when there was no political life or freedom of the press. Taine is constantly struck by the power of the Church, uniting its repressive action with the action of the Government and of the administration. "Perhaps," he says, "we still are the men of Gaul, with indestructible Druids, a chance Vercingetorix, and a hierarchical administration imported from Rome."

"In all fields of activity is felt the want of chiefs, of leaders. Almost all the men I see do nothing or work badly for want of guides. The men who have general ideas, the only directing ideas, are a small minority, one in a thousand. All these professors, these retired functionaries or archæologists, these officers whom I see, are idle, live in coffee-houses, sleep in their chairs, make collections. They have no compelling object."

Taine studies the life of the army officers with whom he associates during the examinations for the military school of Saint-Cyr; his observations on this point are interesting.

"The sub-lieutenant who assisted me during the examinations in gymnastics [fancy Taine giving marks in gymnastics!] absolutely would have me dine at the *pension* of the lieutenants and sub-lieutenants. . . . The fare was not bad; a long, narrow room, at the end of a lugubrious staircase, with one gas-light. The young officers complain of the narrowness of their means, though they have a monthly supplement of thirty francs [this was at Lyons] Life is so dear here; impossible to go to a café to take the smallest pleasure, if you are not helped by your family. . . . The Government does what it can: the soldiers pay no toll on the bridges, they pay only half-price at the theatres, and quarter-price on the railways. . . . An officer remains generally six years in a grade, sometimes ten or twelve years in the grade of captain. . . . This involves much misery. Some are thirty-five, even thirty-eight years old, and are only lieutenants. . . . Some of these officers are fat and stiff: their mode of life does not develop fineness or elegance. They scream, have rough manners, become red; their pleasantries are not amiable. I have seen them twice, for a full hour, at the café. They kill time as well as they can, play cards, gaze blankly, read the papers a second time, talk of promotions, of permutations. None of them has the courage to work, to study for himself; very few go into society. They are bored. . . . The only consolation is the clean, well-fitting coat, the epaulette which gives them consideration. The state cannot do more—the war budget is already so heavy; and every man cannot be a colonel. One gets advancement at the expense of another. Here, also, you find the fundamental character of democracy: it is Darwin's struggle for existence."

This was written before the war of 1870, before the system of compulsory and universal service, which has greatly increased the French army. The principal traits are still like; the number of officers is much larger, and their advancement, in time of peace, is necessarily very slow.

I have already said that Taine, who was a professor in the University, counts wherever he goes the number of religious houses where education is obtained; not without a feeling of envy. At Poitiers, he finds everything crushed under the influence of the Bishop.

"Every year 300,000 persons visit the coffer of Saint Radegonde. When the saint's festival arrives in August, the pilgrims are so numerous and generally so poor that they sleep in a sort of camp outside of the town. I have seen the coffer; it is in a pretty church of the twelfth century, already much sunk in the ground. At every door in every neighboring street there are women who run after you and offer you small cheap medals and a quantity of candles. Near the church door old beggars ask for charity with a trembling voice. In twenty minutes I have seen a dozen people enter, men of the people, half bourgeois, all with one or several wax candles."

Taine is not indulgent toward the people he comes in contact with:

"A curious type," he says, "is the Proviseur [the head of a college], once a *maître d'études*, professor, censor, afterwards Proviseur—in short, twenty-five years here [at Poitiers]; himself a son of the land, having a wife of the land. He has recently been decorated because a pupil of his lycée won the prize in the competition of the departmental lycées. Face and manners of an old haberdasher, of a shrewd rag-merchant who has been polite to all his customers, who has gone regularly to mass and read the *Charivari*; bent on rising, but slowly, in the fashion of an ox; his sovereign pleasure to eat a melon with his family; doing little, patient, never recalcitrant; functionary at heart and from his birth, with a discreet smile and vague eyes; solidly wrapped in a good coat and solidly planted on large feet; the most mediocre of men—durable, flat, vulgar, and neat as a sidewalk."

The Notes abound in such small sketches—such instantaneous photographs. I speak only of what relates to the various classes in France, to the social condition of its population. I am not speaking of the hasty photographs of the landscapes, of the cities and regions which the author sees in his rapid journeys. Some of these descriptions have great beauty, as likewise the descriptions of the works of art, churches, tombs, or pictures, which Taine sees on his way, and which seem to console him for the meanness and mediocrity of men. He has a very vivid perception of things; he gives you, for instance, a very clear idea of the differences between the North and the South of France, differences which are felt in everything—in the atmosphere, in the landscape, in the character of the races.

"In the South you must live only with your senses, like a painter. You may enjoy the pretty face of a well-dressed woman, a laughing visage under black hair, a powerful shadow under a long gray wall cutting the vivid azure, a delicious grape which melts like honey in the mouth; but you must suppress all inner feeling, all tender and profound dreams. A beggar here [at Montpellier] eats good grapes; a poor devil drinks pure, healthy wine, and no man gets drunk. . . . Such small elementary differences make great ultimate differences; the ideal is changed."

Taine feels very keenly the Latin character of the South, but he recognizes the Gaulish element mixed with the Latin element. "The want of moral and intellectual initiative, the spirit of administration and of submission, the love of order and of unity, the ideas of Bossuet, are Gaulish, and also Latin."

Taine's ideas are sometimes summed up in short sentences: "France is and will remain a democracy agitated by its writers and governed by its functionaries. The influence of the intelligent man is superficial and lasts but a lifetime, because there is a want of large and permanent estates." After having noted everywhere the influence of the Church, he says: "The power of religion here consists in the fact that it is an occupation, a regular mechanism which kills time, and the power of the clergy consists in the fact that it is a body of functionaries. You will find mysticism only in certain select and morbid souls." On the whole, the admirers of Taine will discern in these rapid sketches the elements of many of his generalizations; they will not regret having made with him these flying tours in various parts of France and in some of its great cities.

Notes.

G. P. Putnam's Sons' spring announcements include 'The Literary History of the American Revolution, 1763–1783,' by Prof. Moses Coit Tyler, together with a new revised edition of his 'History of American Literature during the Colonial Period'; the final volume of the new and enlarged edition of the late Prof. Alexander Johnston's 'American Orations'; the second part of Prof. Charles M. Andrews's 'Historical Development of Modern Europe,' since the Congress of Vienna; 'Essays in French History,' by James Eugene

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Farmer; 'The Literary Movement in France in the 19th Century,' from the French of Georges Pellissier by Anne Garrison Brinton; 'The Dungeons of Old Paris,' by Tighe Hopkins; 'Bertrand du Guesclin,' by Enoch Vine Stoddard; the sixth and concluding volume of Traill's 'History of Social Life in England' down to 1885; 'A History of Ancient Peoples,' by Prof. Willis Boughton of Ohio University; 'Life and Letters of Prof. Byron Caldwell Smith,' edited by D. O. Kellogg; 'Sketches Awheel in Fin-de Siècle Iberia,' by F. B. and W. H. Workman; 'The God Idea of the Ancients; or, Sex in Religion,' by Mrs. Eliza Burt Gamble; 'The Cross in Tradition, History and Art,' by the Rev. Wm. Wood Seymour, D.D., illustrated; 'Hypnotism and its Application to Practical Medicine,' from the Swedish of Dr. Otto G. Wetterstrand; 'Household Economics,' lectures by Helen Campbell; 'The Vines of Northeastern America,' by Charles S. Newhall; and 'Lawns and Gardens,' by N. Jönsson Rose.

Macmillan Co. have nearly ready Mrs. Annie Steel's novel of the great Indian Mutiny, 'On the Face of the Waters.'

Charles Scribner's Sons have in press the second and final volume of Prof. Charles F. Kent's 'History of the Hebrew People.' They will issue, in conjunction with John Murray, the unpublished works of the historian Gibbon, including seven autobiographies.

Dr. Elliott Coues has finished his labors on 'The Journals of Alexander Henry the Younger, and David Thompson,' fur-trader and geographer respectively, and the work will be shortly issued in a limited edition by Francis P. Harper. Thompson's maps will be reproduced. Unlike Dr. Coues's editions of Lewis and Clark and of Pike, the body of this publication consists of matter never before in print, and without a parallel.

Leach, Shewell & Sanborn announce an 'Introduction to American Literature,' by Prof. F. V. N. Painter of Roanoke College, and a 'Greek and Roman Mythology,' by Prof. Karl P. Harrington of the University of North Carolina.

'The Great Poets and their Theology,' by President Strong of Rochester Theological Seminary, will be published in the autumn by the American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia. It will make a large octavo.

'Common-Sense Christianity,' soon to be issued by the Congregational Publishing Society, Boston, will consist of the late Rev. Alonzo H. Quint's contributions to the *Congregationalist*.

Early in the spring will appear Mrs. Charles Fisk Beach, jr.'s, "study in sociology," 'Katherine Kent,' the scene of which shifts from New Orleans to London.

A monograph on the 'Causes of the Maryland Revolution of 1689,' by Mr. F. E. Sparks, completes the fourteenth series of the Johns Hopkins "University Studies in Historical and Political Science." As a chronicle of legislative and political events from 1658 to 1689, the work is useful, but it cannot be pronounced very satisfactory as a piece of exposition. The revolution of 1689 attacked the Palatinate system of government, which had never commended itself to the colonists, and which had incurred additional disfavor by the opposition of the Proprietor to William of Orange and his support of James II. But while this last was undoubtedly the immediate occasion of the revolution, its deeper causes lay in thirty years of grievances occasioned by the arbitrary interference of the Proprietor with elections and the proceedings of the Assembly, extraordinary nepotism, taxation, and harsh treatment of the opposition. Mr. Sparks shows, in passing, that complaints over taxation were the real cause of Fendall's rebellion, and that the act principally complained of—that of 1647, granting the Proprietor a duty on exported tobacco—could not have greatly affected the Puritans, since the latter did not enter Maryland until 1649. Bacon's rebellion, also, in 1676, had greater influence upon Maryland than has been generally supposed, and failed to become as formidable as in Virginia only because of lack of leadership.

M. Eugène d'Eichthal has just gathered together in a volume his articles on Alexis de Tocqueville which were published in the *Revue Politique et Parlementaire*. M. d'Eichthal translates, too, the very interesting conversations between Tocqueville and Nassau Senior, which will be new to his countrymen, and also gives some fragments of Tocqueville's correspondence. His domestic letters, running over a period of thirty-five years, have never been printed, though they are said to be both curious and valuable. They were, for the most part, addressed to his wife.

A new edition of Prof. Karl Krumbacher's 'Geschichte der Byzantinischen Litteratur von Justinian bis zum Ende des Oeströmischen Kaiser-reiches (522 1453)' has just been issued by Beck in Munich. It is an octavo volume of more than 1,200 closely printed pages, having been expanded to more than double its original size. The chapter on Byzantine theology has been revised by Albert Ehrhard, Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Würzburg, and that on Byzantine history by H. Gelzer, Professor of History in Jena. The work is more comprehensive in its scope than its title indicates, since it treats exhaustively not only of Byzantine literature, but also of Byzantine art, antiquities, science (such as it was), and general culture and civilization. It has a very extended and valuable bibliography and an excellent index. The French Minister of Public Instruction has just conferred upon Prof. Krumbacher the "palmes d'or" of the Academy, and the Greek residents of Trieste have sent him 2,000 francs ($400) for the establishment of a seminar for mediæval and modern Greek in the University of Munich.

The first part of Dr. Gustav Krieger's 'Schwierigkeiten des Englischen' is entitled "Synonymik und Wortgebrauch" (Dresden and Leipzig: Koch). It contains a list of English synonyms or words having a similar signification, with passages illustrating their use and different shades of meaning. The arrangement is alphabetical.

The first volume of Robert Davidsohn's elaborate 'Geschichte von Florenz' (Berlin: Mittler) begins with the Etruscan period and extends to the thirteenth century. There is a plan of the city made in that century, and a good account of Florentine art and architecture, to which are added a list of authorities and a full index.

An ordinance recently issued by the Archbishop of Munich-Freising in Bavaria enjoins on the clergy of his diocese the necessity of cultivating and elevating Christian art. He calls attention to the lamentable fact that the Catholic Church, formerly the chief patroness of the fine arts, has now become the patroness of cheap colored lithographs and plaster casts manufactured by wholesale and utterly devoid of artistic value. Genuine works of painting and sculpture have been everywhere supplanted by these worthless wares, which ought to be banished from all places of worship and not accepted even as gifts. The clergy are therefore admonished not to permit any of these vile substitutes to be used for the adornment of the altars or walls or other parts of the sanctuary. Paintings and sculptures should be ordered, not through dealers, but directly from able artists, who, if required to sign their names to their productions, will be sufficiently careful of their reputation to do their best. This ordinance is a movement in the right direction, and will be approved by all lovers of sacred art.

Dr. Karl Vollers, who succeeded that remarkable scholar, Wilhelm Spitta, as the second director of the Khedivial Library at Cairo, has entered upon his duties as professor of Arabic in the University of Jena. His successor at Cairo is Dr. B. Moritz, for some time secretary of the Seminary for Oriental Languages at Berlin—a specially endowed annex of the university—and one of its lecturers on modern Arabic. Dr. Moritz not only is a classical Arabic scholar of ability, but has made himself surprisingly familiar with more than one of the living forms of Arabic speech, and as a competent investigator of the Mauritanian dialects stands almost alone. He assumed his present position two months ago, and already the spacious exhibition-rooms of the library, in the more systematic arrangement of the priceless African and Asiatic manuscripts they contain, prove the industry and capacity of the new director. The Government has lately decided to make liberal grants in order to complete the collection of Egyptological literature, and to give the library a foremost position as a storehouse of all that relates to the archæology, history, and linguistics of ancient Egypt.

A material representation of the extent and direction of mental activity in England is to be found in the classified list of books published in 1895 and 1896 in the *Publishers' Circular*. The sum total, 6,573, is almost the same as in 1895 (6,516); a considerable decrease in new works being made up by a corresponding increase of new editions. The number of theological works remains practically unchanged, but there has been a marked falling off of educational and medical works, voyages, and belles lettres, which have dropped from 442 to 153. On the other hand, poetical and dramatic works, and works on social and political economy, have largely increased; legal works have doubled, the arts and sciences quadrupled, while histories and biographies, 717 in number, have climbed from the fifth to the second place—fiction and juveniles of course standing first with 2,179 works. A comparison with a similar list of the literature of 1876 shows an increase of 1,685 books published, but an actual decrease in theology, political economy, voyages, medicine, and belles lettres. There has been a gain of 903 novels and children's stories, and the number of histories and biographies has more than doubled.

The testimonial to Mr. Cotton, late editor of the London *Academy*, amounted to £375. The committee intrusted with the raising of it consisted of four members, Prof. Robinson Ellis, Mr. F. C. Conybeare, Mrs. Marie Wharton, and Miss Toulmin Smith of Oxford; a notable conjunction of the sexes in such an enterprise. Twelve other ladies were among the contributors, who altogether were of a character and distinction to do honor to the recipient.

Crusoe's island has not disappeared, as reported, and the solitary himself continues to

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come to the surface. Mr. Waters published Selkirk's last will and testament in the October number of the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register*, and in the current issue a London correspondent shows that Selkirk was much given to wills and powers of attorney in favor of his successive sweethearts —"in every port a wife." A tracing of his signature to one such document is reproduced. Mr. Waters's "Gleanings" in the same number show in transcripts of wills the English connections of Bourne, Hutchinson, Thorndike, Hayward, Newdigate, Foote, and other American families, and touch Shakspere once more in the will of his friend John a Combe, and Stratford in that of Richard Ange, in the John Harvard connection.

The article of most general interest in the *Geographical Journal* for January is Mr. H. Clifford's account of a recent journey in the unexplored eastern part of the Malay Peninsula. After a graphic picture of the march through forests so dense that even the heaviest beasts cannot penetrate them, but move, for the most part, along well-worn paths, he describes two native states visited—their methods of government and industries. Among these are manufactured "silks, cotton fabrics, native weapons, and metal and woodwork." They have a remarkable imitative genius. One man, for instance, "after paying a few visits to the engine-room of one of the local coasting-boats," constructed a steam-launch, the engine being "made chiefly of old kerosene cans." The method of government, till recently, was curiously similar to the feudal system of mediæval Europe, but is now a centralized system, the headmen of the villages being directly responsible to the sultans instead of to the great chiefs. The character of the government is illustrated by a description of a prison, the horrors of which can hardly be surpassed. Among the remaining contents of the number are a summary of the geographical results of researches in Karia, Mr. Sclater's account of the geography of mammals in the Nearctic Region, and "On the Distribution of Towns and Villages in England," in its physical aspects, by George G. Chisholm.

The larger part of the *Scottish Geographical Magazine* for January is taken up with "Observations on the Temperature of the Scottish Fresh-water Lochs," by Dr. John Murray. There are also interesting obituary notices of thirteen distinguished travellers and geographers who have died during the past year.

The Swedish specialist Dr. Widmark has published the results of an investigation into the prevalence of blindness in the Scandinavian countries (including Finland). They show remarkable divergencies. While the number of blind persons in Denmark is only 53 in 100,000, this rises to 83 in Sweden, to 128 in Norway, and to 155 in Finland. At the one extreme, Denmark is surpassed by only one European country, Holland, with 45; and at the other extreme, Finland only by Portugal and Russia, with 200. Compared with past years these figures show a decided improvement. In 1870 there were 70 cases of blindness to 100,000 inhabitants in Denmark, in 1870 in Norway there were 207, in 1864 in Finland the enormous number of 287. In Sweden there has been little general improvement during the past thirty years, but there is a decided improvement in the classes over sixty years of age. The highest proportion of blindness is found in the country districts; the proportion in the cities and the country districts of Norway, for example, being 83 and 145 respectively. This is largely the result of the better facilities for special treatment in the former. A similar difference is noted between the remote districts and those in the neighborhood of cities.

—Immediately after the death of Mr. Alfred Nobel, the inventor of dynamite, it was widely reported that the whole of his great fortune, accounted to be more than ten millions of dollars, had been bequeathed to the University of Stockholm. This proves to be not quite exact. The great legacy is invested so as to furnish an income which will provide for five annual prizes of sixty thousand dollars each. The first three will be awarded to the authors of the most important discoveries in physics, chemistry, and physiology. The fourth will be attributed to him who in the domain of letters shall have produced "l'œuvre la plus haute dans le sens idéal." (We quote from the *Débats*.) The fifth prize goes "à celui qui aura agi le plus ou le mieux pour la fraternité des peuples, pour la suppression ou la diminution des armées permanentes, et pour la constitution ou la propagation des congrès de la paix." These last two statements are not quite lucid. The prizes in physics and chemistry will be awarded by the Academy of Sciences of Sweden; the one for work in physiology or medicine by the Carolus Institute of Stockholm; the literary prize by the Swedish Academy, and the one for the furtherance of peace by a committee of five members chosen by the Norwegian Storthing. In accordance with the expressed will of M. Nobel, no consideration of nationality will be regarded in the attribution of these prizes; they are to go to the most worthy, "whether he be Scandinavian or not."

—In connection with the foregoing it is not inappropriate to advertise that the competition for the eleventh Bressa prize is now in progress (Jan. 1, 1895.–Dec. 31, 1898). The sum of 9,600 francs awaits the scientific author or inventor, without regard to nationality, who, in the judgment of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Turin, in the period above named, shall have "made the most important and useful discovery, or published the most valuable work on physical and experimental science, natural history, mathematics, chemistry, physiology, and pathology, as well as geology, history, geography, and statistics." Works submitted must be in print, and must be sent with a letter to the President of the Academy before the close of 1898. But the prize is not awarded merely upon competition. The Academy awards it "to the most worthy."

—Not very long ago, in No. 1616, the *Nation* reviewed the Arabic-English portion of Socrates Spiro's dictionary of the spoken language of Egypt. The English-Arabic volume of this important compilation goes to press during the present month, and, like the preceding part, will be issued from the printing office of *El Moqattam*, the leading Arabic daily of Cairo. Its publication is rendered possible by liberal subscriptions, made to supply the bureaux of the different Egyptian ministries with copies of a book of reference so greatly needed. Its value to foreigners having either official, commercial, or social relations with the people of Egypt will be incalculable, while philologically it will doubtless do something still further to supplement the known lists of New-Arabic vocables, numerous as were the additions made by the volume already published. That a lexicographical work of so perfect a character—which virtually has had no predecessor—should have been produced by a native scholar is a fact of no little interest. It is noticeable, too, that Mr. Spiro should have shown so intimate a knowledge of philological methods as to avail himself of the carefully elaborated system of transliteration employed by the late Spitta Bey—the only one ever applied to the Vulgar Arabic which is both simple and exact, to say nothing of the ease with which it can be written, or of its agreeable appearance in print. Before Dr. Spitta's day, and since, even European students who have treated the colloquial dialects of Egypt and Syria, have varied widely from each other in their transcription of the Arabic letters by means of a modified Latin alphabet, but have been alike notable for the unscientific inaccuracy of their methods. Folklorists will be glad to learn that Spiro Bey, after the completion of his lexicon, will give to the English-reading public several hitherto unrecorded Arabic popular tales, gathered from various provinces of Egypt.

—A report presented to the Board of Public Charities of Pennsylvania by Dr. Henry M. Wetherill contains a very interesting and gratifying account of the "Wisconsin System" of caring for the insane. Sixteen years ago the conditions prevailing in Wisconsin were similar to those now existing in Pennsylvania, and perhaps in most of our States. The State insane asylums were crowded with patients of all classes, acute and chronic, supported at a heavy expense; and of course the plight of the unfortunates who were remitted to the jails and poorhouses was deplorable. In 1881 the Legislature adopted a new policy, under which the counties have been encouraged to establish asylums of their own where the chronic insane who are able to work and not violent are cared for. According to Dr. Wetherill's report, this policy has been very successful. The State asylums have been relieved of inmates requiring comparatively little medical attendance, thus insuring better care for those most needing it, while the county establishments have furnished humane treatment in place of the brutalities and hardships of the jail and almshouse. These establishments are upon the "family plan"; the men carrying on the farms, which are a necessary feature, and doing practically all the heavy work required; while the women make and mend clothing, wash, and perform the domestic duties in general. A very great amount of freedom, under this system, can be permitted, and it has the inestimable advantage of retaining the afflicted near their relatives, who are of course chiefly of a class not able to spend their time and money in long journeys. In fact, the number of visitors is very large at these asylums, which is of itself a stimulus to good management. The entire expense for each inmate, exclusive of interest on the cost of buildings and farms, is only $1.65 per week; and the saving effected since the reform was instituted would, it seems, amount to more than the capital expended for land and construction. The Committee on Lunacy of the Pennsylvania Board of Charities are so thoroughly convinced of the wisdom of the "Wisconsin System" that they intend to introduce some of its features in Pennsylvania as soon as the necessary preparations can be made.

—Dr. Benjamin Howard, the English student of penology, has recently returned from a fourth visit to Russia and Siberia, where he

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spent six months in investigating the exile system. Besides inspecting all the exile prisons between St. Petersburg and Siberia, he travelled many hundreds of miles by rail, road, and river with convict gangs. His general impressions, as given in an interview reported in the London *Times*, seem to have been favorable enough to please even the Russians themselves. While censuring the general maladministration of the penal system, its "main principle" of productive labor is commended as worthy of imitation. The methods of self-support employed in Siberia are such, he assures us, that the convict does not lose all his self-respect, but is often fitted to become a more useful member of society than before. Dr. Howard declined to discuss the divergent statements of Mr. H. de Windt and Mr. George Kennan, contenting himself with the general remark that the administration of the exile system depends so largely upon individuals as to render almost anything possible. Of all that is bad in Siberia, however, he admits that Saghalien is the worst; but, although escape from this inhospitable island is practically impossible, Dr. Howard dwells upon the "well-built and often pretty cottages," with "vestibules and gardens," in which the population of murderers and felons live, and the quiet and peaceful lives they lead on their farms. In this connection it is interesting to note that Mr. de Windt, in his recent book, 'The New Siberia,' is considerably more impartial than in his earlier work, though none the less do his admissions bear out the worst that has been said of the horrors of Saghalien. In regard to the "plet," he says: "Death sometimes follows this terrible punishment, which is only administered as a substitute for the death penalty." "Substitute for the death penalty" is, as the *Athenæum* remarks, a strange phrase for flogging to death.

—In a late number of *La Réforme Sociale* M. Gabriel Alix discusses the woman question with a great deal of intelligence and spirit. He regards the transformation in the condition of women which has been taking place all over the world during the last forty years —here more rapidly and there more slowly— as the most important social phenomenon of our time. The effect of it will be to enable women to render far greater services to society than they do now—"morally they are far better than we, that is certain"—at the same time that they can secure a much greater degree of happiness for themselves by reason of their less dependent, less precarious, and more dignified position. The movement is therefore legitimate and praiseworthy in the extreme. The writer points out that in its theoretical aspect the conclusion which we are approaching is by no means new—it was supported by Rabelais and by Montaigne, to mention no less important names; and in the middle of the seventeenth century, more than a hundred years before Condorcet and more than two hundred before Mill, a Protestant theologian, Poulain de la Barre, maintained, in a series of writings which had much success, that women were capable of all sorts of learning, and that they therefore deserved to be admitted to ecclesiastical, judicial, and even military honors. The sensible view which Erasmus took of the question may be seen in more than one of his 'Colloquies,' *e. g.*, "Puerpera" and "Abbatis et Eruditæ."

—A brief dispatch dated Mendoza, Argentina, January 17, and addressed to the London *Chronicle*, announces that the famous Swiss guide and Alpinist, Mattias Zurbriggen, the associate of Mr. (now Sir) William Conway in his remarkable tours among the high Himalayas, and at the present time the main reliance of the FitzGerald expedition to the Chilian and Argentine Andes, successfully reached the summit of Aconcagua on the 14th of the present month. This possibly makes a "record" in mountaineering, and the claim may be true that by this ascent the loftiest mountain of the Western Hemisphere has been conquered. Güssfeldt made an attempt on the mountain in 1883 and reached an elevation of 21,089 feet. Mental worry, seemingly, brought about through misunderstandings with his native guides or carriers, was the main cause which prevented him from attaining a much higher position. As to the position of Aconcagua in the series of highest summits of the Andes, some little uncertainty remains. According to the determinations of Captain Fitzroy, made during the famous cruise of the *Beagle*, the elevation of this extinct volcano is 23,910 feet, a value which is to be found in nearly all English publications. The Spanish engineer, Pissis, many years later, reduced this elevation to 22,422 feet, which again was advanced by Güssfeldt to 22,860 feet. It appears probable that the later measurements are more nearly correct than those of Fitzroy, and if this be proved to be so, then the "record" of mountaineering not improbably remains with Mr. Conway, through his conquest of Pioneer Peak (about 23,000 feet?), in the Karakoram Himalayas. As to Aconcagua being the highest summit of the New World, its place is more likely second or third. The Nevado de Sorata, or Illampu, on the Titicaca plateau, almost certainly surpasses it, and not impossibly by full 2,000 feet; and its neighbor Illimani has seemingly a just claim to be considered in the same comparison.

—M. Salomon Reinach has published in the *Monuments et Mémoires* of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres a description, with accompanying plate, of a marble eagle belonging to Lord Wemyss and now at Gosford (Longniddry). Common as are Roman representations of eagles done in low or in high relief, whether in marble or metal, marble eagles done in the round are extremely rare, nor are there many such in bronze. Apart from the one now published, M. Reinach knows of eight, only three of which have any mentionable artistic merit. The eagle in Lord Wemyss's collection is of remarkably delicate and spirited workmanship, and must be from the hand of one of the earlier and most eminent of those sculptors to whom the revived art of the early Roman Empire is due. But the history of its transference from Rome to Strawberry Hill, whence it passed by purchase directly to Gosford, is interesting. Robert Walpole (Lord Orford), the successful minister of the house of Brunswick, had collected several ancient busts at Houghton Hall, when, in 1739, he sent his son Horace upon the "Grand Tour." This was what Michaelis has called "the golden age of classical dilettantism," and Horace Walpole was initiated in Italy by his father's protégé, Mr. (afterwards Sir) Horace Mann—possibly, like himself, a namesake of the elder Horace Walpole—and John Chute into the delights of classical sculpture, and through them made various purchases, one of which was this marble eagle. M. Reinach gives Walpole's own description of it: "The eagle found in the gardens of Boccapadugli, within the precinct of Caracalla's baths at Rome, in the year 1742. One of the finest pieces of Greek sculpture in the world, and reckoned superior to the one in the Villa Mattei. . . . The boldness and yet great finishing of this statue are incomparable, the eyes inimitable. Mr. Gray has drawn the flagging wing (Ode on the Power of Poetry). It stands on a handsome antique sepulchral altar, adorned with eagles too." The heliogravure by Dujardin which accompanies M. Reinach's memoir is needed in order to give point to Walpole's praises. With that before us, we sympathize with M. Reinach's regret that the private collections of England should still be a *terra incognita* to the scientific archæologist. Michaelis has done much in his 'Ancient Marbles,' but he was unable to get sight of the Gosford eagle, which he believed to be at Lord Wemyss's London house. It is accordingly reassuring to know that a plan for the systematic publication of the treasures hidden in English private collections has recently been under consideration by the Society for the Promotion of Hellenic Studies.

SIR GEORGE TRESSADY AND OTHER FICTION.

Sir George Tressady. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. Macmillan Co.

Sentimental Tommy. By J. M. Barrie. Charles Scribner's Sons.

A Child of the Jago. By Arthur Morrison. Chicago: H. S. Stone & Co.

The Other House. By Henry James. Macmillan Co.

The Metropolitans. By Jeanie Drake. The Century Co.

The Violet. By Julia Magruder. Longmans, Green & Co.

Kate Carnegie. By Ian Maclaren. Dodd, Mead & Co.

Sister Jane. By Joel Chandler Harris. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Soldier Stories. By Rudyard Kipling. Macmillan Co.

If Mrs. Ward, in writing the story of 'Marcella,' meant to delineate a born revolutionist, one whom years cannot tame, her ideal is almost stultified by the story of 'Sir George Tressady'; if she meant nothing more than that Marcella Boyce was a revolutionist because she was young and discontented, then the spectacle of an active girl violently scratching molehills into mountains was not so serious or instructive as many people believed it to be.

It is distressing, however, to think that in the beginning Mrs. Ward meant Marcella to become, what she is after a few years of marriage with the excellent Aldous Raeburn, the perfectly respectable wife of a perfectly respectable peer, with a taint of eccentricity still lingering about her, but adversely criticised only by those whose respectability is not quite so ripe. Yet, if not deliberately planned, the change can have been effected only through the author's losing sight of her original motive, falling in love with the Maxwell splendor, and thus being diverted from the most probable development of Marcella's apparently ineradicable passion for the betterment of humanity. Whether it is inevitable that contemplation of the great aristocracy must induce in English writers a state of intellectual coma, one cannot say, but it certainly invokes a sort of superstitious reverence for traditions of dignity and race which is fatal to freedom and sincerity in art. Mrs. Ward struggles against impending fascina-

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tion, but it is too strong for her and involves her in several misfortunes. The young Marcella cannot be annihilated all at once, so several impulsive indiscretions are permitted to Lady Maxwell; but the motive is no longer disinterested philanthropy—it is the success of the Maxwell bill, the victory of Lord Maxwell. Lady Maxwell does not turn her back on former interests and associates, but she is not any longer in the fight with the people, for the people; she uses the people, their suffering and wrongs, for the greater glory of the Maxwells. She bores high society conscientiously with talk about the sweating system and kindred iniquities; she lives intermittently in the East End, and drags thither men and women of fashion to study the poor at home; but the vision of perfection presented is not the vision of a spirit, impetuous yet resolute, dedicated to a forlorn hope—rather that of a noble lady clinging deferentially to a noble lord, roaming ancestral woods with a noble son and heir, condescending for political ends to exhibit her diamonds and extend her protecting sympathy to the struggling masses. Such is the solution of life's enigma offered to erratic and handsome young women—not, we believe, intentionally or even consciously, but because, when an English writer, socially of the middle class, who is not an artist or a genius, turns the eyes of the intelligence upward to the ruling class, they are smitten blind, and the solution comes as a beatific vision.

The failure of Marcella as a revolutionist is depressing, but the failure of Marcella as a great lady is in one important episode amusing. Her attitude toward Sir George Tressady is that of a good little bourgeoise, not of an acknowledged leader in a complex society. A great lady may have all the purity and high-mindedness ascribed to Lady Maxwell, but she is not an ingénue; she is well aware that one of the ways of the impressionable and idle men of her world is to fall in love with other men's wives, and is, therefore, particularly careful to avoid that complication. Lady Maxwell lavishes all sorts of attentions on Sir George, interests him in her affairs, interests herself in his, yet is prostrated with grief and shame when he tells her that his reason for deserting his leader, for betraying his cause, for finishing himself politically, was the old, old reason—passion for the woman who led him on.

If such a view of Lady Maxwell may be accepted as probable, it seems to involve the assumption that too much success had turned her head, and that conjugal affection had sapped her brain. Sir George's attitude, on the contrary, is entirely probable. Interest in him is almost restricted to the question, What is Lady Maxwell going to do with him and how will she do it? With the answer and the passing of the Maxwell bill, the story is told. To send him off on a domestic mission for the Maxwells (tendered either in token of forgiveness of offence or atonement for wrong done, no knowing which) is a comic anti-climax, and as clearly an expedient for spinning out the volume as is his melodramatic death one for ending it. Had he been driven to suicide by the follies and tempers of his vulgar wife and silly mother, added to the irritation of his tiresome tenants talking endlessly about themselves in dialect, there would have been something in him worth further record, something about him to remember beyond the fact that Lady Maxwell once took him up and, with all piety, purity, and propriety, ruined him.

The failure of characterization in 'Sir George Tressady' is not an accident to be lightly passed over and briefly set over against such qualities as information, careful composition, a feeling for good conduct, or even dramatic moments; it is essential, destroying the significance of two long novels, laying bare almost indecently a racial incapacity to cast off the shackles of materialism, to depict forcibly and consistently an intellect or spirit battling for an ideal, undaunted by adversity and unsullied by prosperity. It is one of those depressing failures which suggest even to optimism that English literature is taking a long rest on its laurels. However, when the English mind gets too stodgy to produce thoughts that burn in words that will not die, it may happen that literature is saved by the Irish, who always write good English, or by the Highland Scotch, who are not so particular.

Much of Mr. Barrie's contribution to the literature of fiction is good enough to keep the breath of life in a moribund tradition, to hold it over for fresh inspiration. It is strong enough to overcome the deliberate use of Scotch dialect and the unconscious lapses into Scotch forms of English. In 'Sentimental Tommy' he appears as one heralding the new dawn, for we can think of no tale in our language in which the author's mind is so exclusively given to the development of a temperament absorbed in itself, working itself out spontaneously, independent of authority, and apparently oblivious to the conventions of any class of society. The thing has been recognized by novelists of other nations as the great thing to do, and has been well done in Russian, French, and Italian. We are slow to get inspirations and accept revelations, but, on the other hand, once having "caught on," we are likely to speak louder and carry the tidings farther than if we were more alert and accessible to ideas. For this purpose of being heard afar and recognized as a new note, it could be wished that Tommy had been done all in English, that he had not sprung from Thrums or returned there; in fact that, externally and incidentally, the story were other than it is. Tommy, in his boyhood at least (which is as far as Mr. Barrie goes), is as independent of heredity and circumstance as a human being can be. His temperament is the artistic temperament, so wonderful and beautiful in its achievements, and so intolerable to live with unsupported by blind adoration. The temperament may be more common in one country than another, but it can sprout and blossom among the New Eng'and hills as well as on the boulevards of Paris, and its mark is sometimes supposed to be the mark of Cain. Mr. Barrie's exposition is masterly, not infrequently cruel—so cruel that one perceives the artistic temperament, with all its frankness and detachment from prejudice, even predilection, striking at itself and sparing not. Tommy is differentiated from other boys by the volume and energy of his imagination, by his emotional impressionability, and by his unscrupulous use of any means to gain an end, without pricks of conscience or fear of superior powers. His feeling of responsibility for Elspeth may indicate a phantasmal moral sense, but, if she should ever fail in sympathy with him, he could easily withdraw his protection. For a slight offence he threatened to make her live alone when she grew up, though he would sometimes come and speak up to her at the window. There are chances that, for a graver indiscretion, he would not come to speak, and might even neglect to pay the rent. There is no sort of certainty about Tommy, not even that he will always "find a wy," for the roads he must tread will surely be oftener dark and crooked than fair, and may as likely as not lead down to despair, with death the only open door.

Grizel is probably intended to be the savior of Tommy, if he can resolve himself to be saved. She is sure there is only one side to a question, her side; only one rigid right way, which she, at least, doesn't mean to miss. Her antecedents are disagreeable. The Painted Lady is a shocking sort of a mother to burden a girl with; and though the child's fierce loyalty is natural, her perfect understanding of the situation and attempts to manage it are too precocious, a little repulsive. The other children are Tommy's obedient and amusing slaves, more clearly defined than the grown-ups, an ill assorted, not very well-considered lot. But when we finish the book, we feel as if we had been looking at a planet through a telescope, indifferent to the quality of surrounding stars.

One of the earliest instances of Tommy's incalculable temperament is an exploit at a supper given by the "Society for the Somethink of Juvenile Criminals," in the East End of London. Here he permits himself to entertain a lady patroness by an imaginative recital of his horrid crimes. Later on, having a vision of Elspeth at home praying for him, he is overcome by shame, and interrupts the praying on the platform for the waifs present in the hall by a shrill entreaty to the Deity: "Oh, look down on them ones there, for oh, they are unworthy of thy mercy, and oh, the worst sinner is her Ladyship, her sitting there so brazen in the black frock with the yellow stripes, and the worse I said I were the better pleased were she." A similar entertainment is used to introduce "Dicky Perrot," in 'A Child of the Jago,' a story of a London slum, by Mr. Arthur Morrison. Dicky is of a lower social stratum than Tommy, bred in a filthy lair of hereditary outcasts and criminals. In the select gathering of "Elevators of the East End," Dicky makes his first "click," neatly cutting the fob of an eloquent bishop and making off with his watch. The story of the Jago is a terrible one, very modern in the manner of its telling, but dating back to Charles Dickens in matter, incident, and character. We seem to be reading about the "Artful Dodger" and "Poor Jo," "Tom All-Alones," "Bill Sykes," "Nancy," and "Pecksniff" converted into a fence slightly more degraded, but no more hypocritical and hateful. They are all done in a new way—a harder, more physical, brutal way. We have a stronger realization of their pitiable plight, but are more reconciled to it—it is so hopeless, so inevitable. Our horror is more vivid, our compassion feebler. Undoubtedly a great impetus to philanthropy was given by Dickens's slum stories. He controlled tears and laughter; he made emotional people feel that something must be done, and he forced sentimental people to go and do something at once. It is hardly probable that any burst of sympathetic activity can follow the reading of tales written by the more actual moderns. Literary worth does not spur the general reader to action, and perhaps, with such tales as the 'Child of the Jago,' it is the force of the literary presentation which convinces those who can appreciate it of an impotence in action—a conviction to which that sort is ever predisposed.

The point made, and indisputably made, is that Dicky belonged to the Jago. Fate had

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tumbled him into a noisome well, and not all the king's horses and all the king's men could avail to pull him out. Dicky was not naturally a vicious or even bad boy, but the Jago surrounded him with its murderers and thieves and the general atrocity of its record in the secret books of the police. Mr. Morrison describes the customs of the Jago with great vigor and apparent accuracy. He treats the street fights of the Rams and Learys as a feud, a Homeric episode, dropping into a style reminiscent of Fielding narrating the graveyard battle between Molly Seagrim and her hostile critics. Sal Green, like Molly, strips to the waist for the fray, and has an engaging, probably modern, trick of sitting on the downed antagonist and chewing the nape of her neck. The death of the chief character in a story may often be deemed fitting, but is seldom accepted with pleasure. Dicky's death is, in comparison with his life, a most cheerful episode, and there is a comforting sense of potential heroism given by his dying with a lie on his lips, "the staunch Jago lie—thou shalt not nark"—meaning thou shalt not tell who did it.

Mr. Morrison's criticism of collective philanthropic effort is severe, and his sketch of Father Sturt may be taken to mean that even though a man give his life for the Jago, yet shall it not be saved. His feelings are well under control, but he detests sentimentalists, and in reference to the hanging of Josh Perrot for the murder of Weech, a morally justifiable crime, he takes occasion to whack a certain variety of the too conspicuously tender-hearted, remarking:

> "This was not a popular murder. Josh Perrot was not a man who had been bred to better things; he did not snivel and rant in the dock; and he had not butchered his wife or his child, or anybody with a claim on his gratitude or affection, so that nobody sympathized with him, or got up a petition for pardon, or wrote tearful letters to the newspapers. And the crowd that watched for the black flag was a small one, and most of it came from the Jago."

Being plunged in the atmosphere of crime from the first chapter of the Jago story, one settles down to it and escapes the shock of the painful unexpected; but how unprotected is the nervous system against the assault of the tragedy, including an ignoble and revolting crime, sprung on confiding admirers by Mr. Henry James as the climax of 'The Other House'! If the crime were entirely credible, Mr. James might never be forgiven; but it is fortunately only possible enough not to be impossible. Rose Arminger's personality is so complicated that it baffles prediction, yet the only way to accept her crime is to admit that a great passion recognizes no obstacle as final, and to take her own explanation: "It was all that I saw—all that was left me. It took hold of me, it possessed me; it was the last gleam of a chance." If 'The Other House' should be put on the stage (a destiny which probably awaits it), the climax would be the test of the drama's strength, and we should know whether Mr. James had made a brilliant deduction, or whether he had wantonly trifled with the nature of things. By dramatization 'The Other House' would lose little, for it is a play acted in Mrs. Beever's garden and Mr. Bream's house, and occupying only two summer afternoons with an interval of four years. Each act is but a critical moment, with only enough description and explanation to preserve the form of a narrative. The people come and go as on the stage, each one slipping away to make room for another who continues the action. The technical devices are so skilful that things appear to arrange themselves without direction or supervision. The past of the persons implicated, as well as the actual situation and the shadow of coming events, is revealed in dialogue—not the prosily explanatory or curtly informing dialogue of the average play, but light, neat, pointed talk. The mind of the speaker, whether it is quick or slow, ironical or literal, is disclosed through his speech. The stupidest of Mr. James's people express their personality in their talk, and that is what makes them more entertaining than some of the clever people we meet. Most of us live and die without hearing such apt, incisive, and witty talk as that of his clever people. His disinclination to occupy himself with the narration of exciting events has been so often commented on disparagingly that many worthy people, not unintelligent, refuse to read his books, because, they say, nothing ever happens. To such 'The Other House' is commended with entreaty, not only because their demand for happenings will be gratified, but also because, in hot pursuit of the catastrophe, they must be compelled to take in some of the beauty and skill of the approach; they may, indeed, even arrive at a dim consciousness of a fascination about certain roads that lead nowhere.

It is, perhaps, hard on the general novel-reader to find fault with him for insensibility to the rare quality of Mr. James's work, when even the general novel writer profits so little by the example of a master. Every art has its text-books, and though young novelists, rejoicing in the ownership of a robust genius, may scorn Mr. James's solicitude for degrees and shades and hints of things, they should control their feelings and study him for the sake of acquiring a method which is invaluable for the expression of any sort of a literary genius. Unhappily, every year respectable publishers issue novels the writers of which appear never to have heard of method or form or style, and who, besides, are quite devoid of common sense. The writers of 'The Metropolitans' and 'The Violet' are gloriously independent of authority, and free from the superstition that there is a right way to do a thing which one might try to discover before beginning. The perpetrators of these sad criticisms on aspirations to culture are named Jeanie Drake and Julia Magruder. They have innocent Christian names, and it is not pleasant to speak of them harshly, but they present themselves in great glory of print, binding, and illustration, and therefore court an attention which it would be ruder to deny. Miss Drake's conspicuous talent is for plagiarism (undoubtedly unconscious) of a generation of society novels and of the romantic view of a Bohemia peopled by phenomenal musicians, dancers, and journalists bounding up and down the ladder which has squalor at the foot and luxury at the top. Her original contribution is an arctic expedition with all the comforts of home, followed by a relief expedition, consisting of the hero's mother and fiancée, who come up with him at Newfoundland and lead him back in triumph to the wealth and station which are his temporarily alienated birthright. Miss Magruder's novel may be remembered by one taking notes on the manners of high society in America. It appears that though a girl may have an available grandmother, aunt, and guardian, she cannot "go out" or even stay at home properly without a hired chaperon. The chaperon appears to be an aristocratic appanage, an American equivalent for the ancient feudal retinue, or for the guard of honor which attends royalty. The story of 'The Violet' is that of a chaperon who refused to "go out," but spent the time accepting homage from her employers, and fascinating the guardian with her exquisite clothes and air of unhappy mystery. Mr. Gibson has provided drawings of Violet and her clothes which emphasize rather than extenuate the inanity and foolish pretentiousness of the text.

In a display of technical ignorance, "Ian Maclaren's" novel, 'Kate Carnegie,' is not far behind 'The Metropolitans' or 'Violet.' He sets out with a love tale; soon becomes involved in a theological controversy interspersed with anecdotes unintelligible south of the Clyde, about people and places with unpronounceable names; and returns to the love affair as a concession to the requirements of romance. This love affair is thin, dull, and conventional, and the worth of the rest can be estimated only by those learned in the Scotch tongue, and capable of appreciating the excitement of a Free Kirk Presbytery when "the minister of Kilbagie accused the minister of Drumtochty of teaching the Linlathan heresy of the Fatherhood of God in a sermon before the Sacrament."

The incidents narrated by Mr. Joel Chandler Harris in 'Sister Jane' are old fashioned, romantic, improbable, quite in the atmosphere of middle Georgia before the war. The manner is grave, repressed, a little stilted—qualities natural to a middle-aged bachelor, observant and reflective, and very much under the thumb of a bustling sister made up of a sharp tongue, a soft heart, and pronounced taste for management. Mr. Harris's quiet picture of an old-time Southern community is vivid and interesting, and seems to be true to fact. There is no violent contrast between the condition of the master and that of the slave, but an easy, harmonious assimilation, based on recognition of common humanity, without much reference to difference of color. Of course his representation does not cover the whole South, but only a section where the spirit of true democracy had not been contaminated; where, as he says, "the aristocracy of caste could hardly find a spot of ground on which to plant its dainty feet," and where integrity went farther than wealth. All his people own slaves, but are not therefore proud, splendid, and barbaric. The finest person socially, and the villain of the plot, is a colonel by courtesy, but his family is intimate with "Sister Jane," the tailoress, and exchanges "howdy" familiarly with all the village. The dialect used is similar to that which is pushed to incomprehensibility by Mr. Malcolm Johnston. Mr. Harris employs it with discretion as a medium for heightening color in funny old men (Grandsir Johnny Roach and Uncle Jimmy Cosby), for adding individuality to the irony of Mrs. Beshears and pathos to the distress of Mandy Satterlee.

The last chapters of 'Sister Jane' are somewhat tiresome and bewildering. There is too much strain on capacity for joy by the return of a long-lost uncle and long-lost son, together with so much repenting and forgiving that the mind fails to distinguish between the sinner and the sinned against. We moderns resent such complications in life, and skip them in stories; but Mr. Harris, writing about simple Georgians of the forties, probably shared the primitive enthusiasm for strange coincidence and sentimental adjustments, and so fell into what would have pleased his characters, tak-

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ing no thought for the duty of pleasing his readers.

The recently published volume, by Rudyard Kipling, entitled 'Soldier Stories,' contains nothing new, but the cream of the old. "The Man Who Was," "The Drums of the Fore and Aft," and "The Taking of Lungtungpen" cannot have too many editions as a practical recognition of both merit and popularity.

RECENT MUSICAL WORKS.

The Standard Opera-glass. By Charles Annesley. Lemcke & Buechner.

The Opera. By R. A. Streatfeild. Philadelphia: Lippincott.

How to Listen to Music. By Henry Edward Krehbiel. Scribners.

We are in the midst of the busiest and most varied opera season ever known in New York. First there was Col. Mapleson's Italian opera, then came the Metropolitan season of French, German, and Italian opera, which will be followed by Mr. Damrosch's German opera. Under these circumstances it may be assumed that the three books placed at the head of this review are timely publications. The first, indeed, is not a new-comer. It is in its eleventh edition, and, as it is revised and brought up to date, it may be considered the most satisfactory of the several books which attempt to tell the stories of the current operas. Mr. Annesley's list comprises no fewer than 119 operas, from which, however, those by Gramman, Kaskel, Kretschmar, Perfall, and some others might well have been omitted, as they have been sung only in Germany, and not often there. The omission of Masse-net's operas is surprising, and many a purchaser will perhaps be indignant to find "Faust" missing; but he will learn that the plot has been placed under the head of "Marguerite," after the fashion of the Germans, who, to our confusion, use that title to distinguish Gounod's opera from Goethe's tragedy.

In Mr. Annesley's book the story of the opera is the main thing, although a few biographic and critical remarks are usually prefixed. In Mr. Streatfeild's book, on the other hand, while the plots of the most famous operas are also related, it is only incidentally; the main object of the book being to give a brief and clear account of the development of the opera from Peri and Monteverde, in the seventeenth century, to Wagner, Mascagni, and Humperdinck. There is also a chapter on opera in England, dealing with Balfe, Wallace, Benedict, Goring Thomas, Mackenzie, Stanford, Sullivan, and Cowen. That Mr. Streatfeild is quite up to date may be inferred from his including in this chapter a notice of Stanford's charming new Irish opera, "Shamus O'Brien," produced in London last year, and now running at the Broadway Theatre in New York. Nor does he say too much when he remarks that "Dr. Stanford's relation to the music of Ireland is here mainly what Weber's was to the Volkslied, and there is no inherent reason why 'Shamus O'Brien' should not be "the 'Freischütz' of a new school of British opera."

Mr. Streatfeild's book is entertaining throughout, and one of its best characteristics is its catholicity of taste. Reading the history of the opera, it is true, is a good deal like going through a cemetery reading the names of the dead on the tombstones. We have good literature thousands of years old, but the oldest operas ever sung now (Gluck's) are but little more than a century old; hence, although the opera was invented just three hundred years ago, all but eighteen pages of Streatfeild's book are properly devoted to the period beginning with and following the reforms of Gluck. It is rather odd, however, that so well-informed a critic as Mr. Fuller-Maitland should intimate, in an introduction to this book, that as music is the youngest art, so "the latest of the art-forms she herself has brought forth is unquestionably opera," when as a matter of fact it is one of the oldest in the shape used by Peri and Monteverde. He errs also in stating that Riemann's 'Opern-Handbuch' "does not descend to anything so frivolous as the narration of the stories." It does not always, it is true, but the plots of the more important operas are usually given. In other respects Mr. Fuller-Maitland's introduction is of interest; for example, he has a ready answer to those who say the opera is an unnatural art-form because in real life people do not talk in song:

> "If it be conceded that the characters in a drama may be allowed to speak blank verse, it is hardly more than a step further to permit the action to be carried on by means of vocal utterance in music. . . . It is no more unnatural for the raptures of Wagner's lovers or the swan-song of ecstasy to be sung than for the young man whose character Tennyson assumes, to utter himself in measured verse, sometimes of a highly complex structure."

Mr. Krehbiel's book also has a chapter on the opera, but it does not go into details about special works and composers (except incidentally for illustration), but considers the opera as a general branch of music, and gives a bird's-eye view of it from every possible point of view—the singers, the orchestra, the libretto, the declamation and recitative, different forms (grand, comic, buffa, etc.), classical, romantic, and modern, Wagner's reforms, etc., with special remarks on Grisi, Jenny Lind, Lilli Lehmann, Sontag, Patti, Gerster, Lucca, Melba, Eames, Calvé, the De Reszkés, and others. Those who wail for the good old times in song will do well to ponder these remarks:

> "For the development of dramatic ideals we must look to the singers of German affiliations or antecedents, Mmes. Materna, Lehmann, Sucher, and Nordica. As for the men of yesterday and to-day, no lover, I am sure, of the real lyric drama would give the declamatory warmth and gracefulness of pose and action which mark the performances of M. Jean de Reszké for a hundred of the high notes of Mario (for one of which, we are told, he was wont to reserve his powers all evening), were they never so lovely. Neither does the fine, resonant, equable voice of Édouard de Reszké or the finished style of Plançon leave us with curious longings touching the voices and manners of Lablache and Formes. Other times, other manners, in music as in everything else."

The opera is only one of the forms of music described in Mr. Krehbiel's book. Other chapters are entitled "Recognition of Musical Elements" (melody, harmony, rhythm; motives, phrases, periods, etc.); "The Content and Kinds of Music," dealing chiefly with programme music; "The Modern Orchestra," describing the different groups and individual instruments, and their place in the organism, together with timely remarks on the rise of the modern interpreter in place of the old-fashioned time-beater; "At an Orchestral Concert," describing symphonies, overtures, concertos, etc.; "At a Piano Recital," telling about the classic and romantic writers for that instrument and the different forms used by them; "Choirs and Choral Music," etc.

The sub-title of this book is "Hints and Suggestions to Untaught Lovers of the Art," and in accordance with this aim the treatise is written in a clear and untechnical style. The seams of the union of the topics are sometimes visible, but this, perhaps, was difficult to avoid, and does not affect the book's didactic value. The question of the relation of music to feeling is superficially treated, nor would a more detailed account have been in place in such a work. Mr. Krehbiel is at his best in academical discussions, as when (on pp. 137-9) he traces the evolution of the attempt to unite the different movements of the symphony through Beethoven, Berlioz, and Schumann to Dvorák, which is done with admirable insight and erudition. He also has some amusing remarks (10-12) on the errors made by literary men when they write about music. It is not likely, however, that they could be taught to avoid such errors by reading a dozen books on that art. The secret of the understanding and appreciation of good music lies in hearing it over and over again. Given the opportunity and willingness to do this, literary men may become musical enthusiasts and even discriminating judges of what is good, bad, or mediocre, though they may not be able, to save their lives, to tell the difference between a motive, a phrase, and a period. This is not said by way of condemnation of Mr. Krehbiel's book, the aim of which is excellent, and which contains information that every student of music ought to have.

Being a musical critic himself, Mr. Krehbiel naturally has a high opinion of the critic's office—although the dedication of his book indicates that he needed a colleague to help him "to respect musical criticism." He says he has been told that many people wait for their newspapers to help them make up their minds as to whether a certain performance gave them sufficient enjoyment. He says, further, that he conceives that "the first, if not the sole, office of the critic should be to guide public judgment." But it is a matter of history that if the public had followed the guidance of the critics, every musical genius that ever arose would have been nipped in the bud and crushed under foot. The musical critics who guided public judgment in the channel that time showed to be the right one can be counted on the fingers of one hand. In speaking of charlatans, the author remarks that "it is the critic who stands between him and the public he would victimize"; but he might more correctly have said that as a rule the critic stands between the man of genius and the public that wishes to adore him; Wagner and Liszt being conspicuous instances. Indeed, a book on 'How to Listen to Music' seems to be needed less by "untaught lovers of the art" than by the vast majority of musical critics.

WASHINGTON AND HIS LEGEND.

The True George Washington. By Paul Leicester Ford. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1896. Pp. 318.

George Washington. By Woodrow Wilson. Harper & Bros. 1896.

It is, Mr. Ford tells us in his preface, the tendency of all nations to make their great men superhuman; and it is particularly remarkable how Americans should engage in the same practice of

> "hero building which has given us Jupiter, Wotan, King Arthur, and others. . . . Indeed, with such characters as Washington, Franklin, and Lincoln, we have practically adopted the English maxim, 'The King can do no wrong.' In place of men,

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limited by human limits and influenced by human passions, we have demi-gods, so stripped of all human characteristics as to make us question even whether they deserve much credit for their sacrifices and deeds. . . . If the present work succeeds in humanizing Washington and making him a man rather than an historical figure, its purpose will have been fulfilled."

The rest of the preface is mostly to the same purport, and the whole statement seems to involve some confusion. In the first place, the process of making Washington or Lincoln a thing "enskied and sainted" is not at all analogous to what has happened to any of Mr. Ford's typical "heroes." The Jupiter he has read about in Virgil was notoriously in Virgil's time a nature myth humanized; whether Odin—for, like Pisistratus Caxton's father, one prefers one's old favorites—is really a man or another nature myth, or both run together, is too doubtful to admit of using his name as a parallel; and while King Arthur may be—probably is—a real man elevated into a military saint and wonder-worker, he has not come down to us in a biography crowded with deeds perfectly attested, as well as attributes invented or exaggerated. The stainless Arthur of the "Idylls" is not offered by Tennyson as an historical personage. There is as yet no sign of such hero-building as would make Washington defeat Howe at Bunker Hill, or Franklin assist Joseph II. in his reforms, or Lincoln emancipate the serfs of Russia; yet of this sort are the myths which the Middle Ages flung round Alexander and Charlemagne. Whatever incidents may have been suppressed or invented in the lives of our heroes, belonged to their characters rather than to their exploits. In fact, Mr. Ford himself admits that the Autobiography of Franklin, with all its homely details, is still read with keen delight; yet no one who accepts that as an authentic record is likely to call its author faultless, filled as it is with his own "errata."

But the serious confusion in Mr. Ford's preface, expressing, as it undoubtedly does, a general feeling in our country to-day, is between ascribing to a man superhuman attainments and according to him merely an exceptional development of human qualities. Chastity, veracity, patience, and the like—in a word, self-control—are just as much human virtues as generosity, courage, and persistency. Indeed, the Greek conception of the virtues may almost all be reduced to self-control. No one has ever denied the perfect veracity of Epaminondas, the absolute continence of Scipio, or the never-failing serenity of Marlborough; those superlative virtues are neither more nor less historical because parts of the life of Epaminondas could not be spoken of to-day, because Scipio shielded his brother's corruption, or because Marlborough was a miser and a traitor. Why should we withhold credit from any number of human virtues, unless we find them coupled with some vices? Why is the traditional Washington any more mythical than Antoninus or Alfred? By all means let us have him as he was—a man; but do not let us insist in advance that a man is any less a man because he possesses in the highest degree the most distinctively human attribute, impossible to a beast and useless to a god, the power to check his faults and perfect his nature. Washington has been held up for generations as better than other men because the world found him so; because, in an age of detraction, his alleged faults disproved themselves. The world found him practising harmoniously virtues that were by no means superhuman, but which rarely met in such perfection in one man.

Such humanity, however, the present age says, it does not like. It is so much easier and more comfortable to mix up a few vices with one's virtues. They console one so admirably for the hard work of having any virtues at all that men are wont to say humanity means picturesque one-sidedness and healthy imperfection; and if any great man has been drawn free from those base qualities, why, the picture must be untrue; and so, why, he must have had them. In other words, history must be rewritten to suit a theory of human imperfection which shall turn all men, even the best and greatest, into an image not of a *Bon Dieu*, but of a *Bon Diable*. Men used to like a man better the nearer he was to the human ideal and the farther from human weakness; such goodness was encouraging to his weak, struggling brothers The new theory is that we do not want an ideal to encourage our efforts; we want a brother sinner to encourage our self-complacency. Surely a more conceited man than your Pharisee is he who says, "God, I thank thee that Franklin was a man such as I am."

Unfortunately, stern history will not be so dealt with—"The facts are ag'in' it." Mr. Ford, without writing a Life of Washington, has gone through his career, and, dividing it up into topics, and considering his subject in different relations, such as "Education," "Physique," "Social Tastes," and the like, has tried to show what Washington himself and his contemporaries tell us about him. The result is as the author himself sums it up in his preface: "It has only served to make Washington the greater to him." The closer we pry into his domestic life, the deeper, the tenderer, the more playful, yet the more self-sacrificing, appear his affections, especially as, under Mr. Ford's microscope, it is, Mary and Martha who lose their traditional virtues and charm, and not the son and husband. The sharpest criticism of Washington's campaigns indicates that he was not the "Fabius" he was so often called, but rather a Marcellus, prone to attack, generally successful so far as his attacks received adequate support, but honestly diffident of his military skill, and deferring to the opinion of those he believed to have wider reading and experience in warfare, so as to be accused more than once of indecision. Yet in the end it appears that he understood the nature of the campaigns far better than his adversaries, and that such an army as we had owed its very existence almost wholly to his personal efforts.

The desired vices are, indeed, sadly lacking. A few more precious instances of profane language are recorded for the pleasure of his cavillers—one, in particular, resting on the evidence of Jefferson, at the time when Mr. Ford sees only too clearly that Jefferson's secret enmity to Washington was developing. By drawing into the service Washington's use of military stratagems and of one instance of reserve, he makes it not impossible that Washington did not invariably utter the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. He does show that Washington was susceptible to female attraction; but that he was so in any sense but a virtuous one depends, as Mr. Ford says with just indignation, on letters that are always cited and never produced—the sort of talk that is "bandied about in clubs" and belongs exactly there, and not on the pages of history. In a word, this book is a monument of industry, and shows beyond all question that while Americans need never hesitate to play with their Father's memory, as the children of his own time were used to do with himself, they need not fear that there is anything in the record which asks for concealment by pious sons.

Prof. Woodrow Wilson's 'George Washington' first appeared in the pages of a magazine, and is of a very different quality from Mr. Ford's work. It is to be judged as a literary essay rather than as a study of character, and the skilful use of well-known incidents, described in flowing periods, makes it suited for the reader who is to be amused or easily instructed in the main features of Washington's life. As such it would suffer under a critical analysis, for the material is not infrequently of doubtful origin, and the statements of fact are sometimes not beyond question. Who, for example, ever knew that George Washington was the uncle of Lund Washington? No genealogy, however experimental, has ever said this, but Mr. Wilson states it as a fact. In these pages we meet with the commonly accepted view of Washington. He is the model son, the splendid soldier, and the transcendent statesman. The sense of proportion is not well maintained, and too little attention is paid to his second term as President. If it was intended to give an account of the social forces and conditions that made Washington, the book is inadequate; and it is also inadequate as a description of the man. We are left in doubt whether Mr. Wilson began to write a history or a biography; and as he appears to have had both undertakings in his mind, it would be unjust to dwell upon the shortcomings of either. He has produced a very readable sketch, but it is not what was to have been looked for from his pen.

FEUDAL AND MODERN JAPAN.

Feudal and Modern Japan. By Arthur May Knapp. Boston: Joseph Knight Co. Two vols. 12mo, illustrated. 1896.

THE form of these two pretty volumes, clad in white and gold, suggests the fine taste and rich culture of the author, who was resident for several years in Japan as a Unitarian missionary. In size they are 5½x4 inches and each an inch thick. Indeed, with scores of works on Japan upon our shelves, we do not know of any in which the dainty things and people and scenery in Japan have been more charmingly and successfully reproduced. Though unfortunately lacking an index, of which, to say the least, it is thoroughly worthy, the work contains a select bibliography, with brief but luminous notes such as only a critical reader could prepare. Of modern books of first grade of value and in English there are but few omissions.

The subjects chosen for discussion are such as the serious student of Japan will delight in reading about. Comparatively little is said concerning those external features of country and people in which the average shallow tourist revels. Mr. Knapp gets nearer the pulp and sap, if not to the roots, of this flowering century-plant among the nations. His themes are not of the géisha, nor of the silk shops, nor of the wrestlers, nor even of the theatre. He calls Japan the Robinson Crusoe of the nations, and then seeks to know some of the secrets of the continuing virility and progress of this former hermit nation. Why, instead of degenerating, are the Japanese able to-day to take their place and hold it among "civilized" nations? De-foe resorted to fiction to show how a castaway

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sailor held his own, but progressive Japan is a fact. This is Mr. Knapp's engaging theme, and ably does he discuss it. His chapters deal with the spirit of unconquerable Japan, the people under feudalism, feudal commerce, the social outcast, the religious or patriotic cult of Shintō, and the invasions of religion from China, India, and Europe and their fate. In the companion volume the author treats of the colloquial and written language, of the temple and house, of those inversions and contradictions from which the Japanese no more than other peoples are free. The final chapter is on national unity. Mr. Knapp's reference to modern Japan is slender indeed as compared with his bright lights and deep perspectives of feudal, ancient, prehistoric and mysterious Japan.

That he writes as a lover, while professing to be a critic and evidently sincerely trying to be judicious, is manifest on every page. It is none the less true that in his general statements and in his references, direct or indirect, to his fellow-missionaries, he lacks not only accuracy, but charity. Furthermore, the vice of exaggeration seems to run through a large part of the author's description of Japan in feudal days. In his exuberant rhetoric, he is constantly asserting, with varied phraseology, that to this or that Japanese virtue, event, achievement, etc., etc., "the history of the world affords no parallel"; which seems to show either that the author is unfamiliar with the details of the world's history, including that of the actual old Japan, or that he is overcome by that glamour which so often deceives a judicial mind. He would have us believe that each Japanese village throughout the empire was an ideal democracy, with which the New England town system could not be compared with advantage. He seems to insist that in righteousness, justice, compassion, and the nobler virtues the rulers of Japan were, as a rule, superior to those of any other country in the world, and that the general condition of the people was that of marvellous happiness. In a word, he paints Japan as the natives do—as the land of the holy spirits.

It must be remembered that Mr. Knapp reached Japan about twenty years after the complete abolition of Japanese feudalism, and that his impressions of the past are derived, not from first view, but from a study of that strong Japanophile, the late Dr. Simmons, with whose kindly heart and judgment, as well as with his sorrows and alienation from his home land and friends, the writer of this review (who, by the way, actually lived under the Japanese feudal system and saw it in detail) was well acquainted. From our personal sight, knowledge, and critical study of feudalism in several provinces, we cannot accept Mr. Knapp's highly colored picture for reality. In the first place, Dr. Simmons's studies were confined, in the main, to those provinces under the direct control of the Tokugawa family. These were notoriously above the general condition of the hundreds of feudal fiefs. From personal acquaintance with Dr. Simmons's life and work, we know that this kind physician and noble student took the larger portion of his notes (which our American scholar, Prof. Wigmore, has digested with such valuable results) from old men and mature students. These men were almost passionate worshippers of the shōgunal old régime and of the customs and ideals of the feudal system in which they had been born. As heirs of the almost immemorial past, in which they had been reared until the new order of things rudely destroyed their world of ideas and left them broken down, disappointed, and poverty-stricken men, they could not but gild in their memories scenes which won a glory from being far away. Who does not know the old man and woman's reminiscences of the golden days of youth, and the proverb, "The former days were better than these"?

Mr. Knapp proceeds on the basis of two assumptions which, though popular, are not well founded: (1) that, for two centuries and a half, Japan was not only in "strict seclusion from all the world," enjoying no fertilizing or leavening contact with outside nations—a proposition which he sets forth with marvellous wealth of rhetoric and pertinacity (and almost pugnacity) of asseveration; (2) that the sole idea of the founders of the Tokugawa dynasty of Shōguns in Yedo (1604-1668), in ordering all seaworthy vessels to be destroyed and stopping all foreign commerce, was to isolate Japan and keep out foreign influences. As a matter of fact, Japan was never at any time impervious to foreign influence. She was not only subject to the osmose of the outside world, but she deliberately kept open at least one sluiceway. At Nagasaki, communication with China and her satellite nations and more or less with the rest of Asia was steadily maintained. The exchange of ideas and books, as well as of persons and commodities, was constant. Perhaps Japan never had in so small a compass a richer and more potent infusion than that of the refugee scholars who, on the fall of the Ming dynasty, entered from China and established themselves in Yedo and Mito, which Mr. Knapp aptly calls "the Boston of Japan." Still more significant is the fact that without a single annual intermittance, and often by semi-annual communication with Holland, there was a constant fertilizing stream of new ideas, of books and of learning from Europe, which kept the Japanese mass well leavened during the years from 1604 to 1868. There is no need of argument to prove these hard facts, which no one who is familiar either with the original Japanese records and the monographs of native scholars, or with the biographical works written during the last thirty years, which show the direct and vitalizing contact of the mind of Europe with that of Nippon through the Dutchmen at Nagasaki, would think of denying or even, without manifest polemic bias, attenuating. On the other hand, there is a vast library of Dutch documents in the archives of the Netherlands, and scores of printed books, which give proof of the constant fertilization of the Japanese intellect. This alien testimony is all the more valuable because the Dutch authors show scarcely a trace of boasting as to great results, whether or not foreseen or expected. In reality, there was nothing like a perfect intellectual blockade or "strict seclusion."

In the second place, the purpose of the "Japanese Government" deliberately to shut up the country from the nations, with the idea of keeping out all foreign influences, does not appear to the student of contemporary Japanese documents of the seventeenth century. Indeed, it is hard to see anything of the sort supposed by Mr. Knapp and so often imagined by foreigners and even by some Japanese. One thing does appear clear to the student, and that is that the double policy of inclusion and exclusion conceived and enforced by the Tokugawas, and by them only, had in view solely the political stability and continuance in power of the family of the Tokugawas. Accordingly, the elaborate feudal system of Japan, with duarchy of rulers, was reconstructed and rearranged, and the two capitals, Kioto and Yedo, surrounded by the most loyal vassals of the Shōgun. The "foreign policy of Japan" from the early seventeenth to the mid-nineteenth century was simply a party, clan, and personal affair.

It may be that the Japanese have all the qualities and potencies which Mr. Knapp so glowingly ascribes to them. Still, the scientific student, in order to form a cool judgment, must look at all the facts in the case, especially since Mr. Knapp insists that the virtues of the present are the direct and unchangeable outgrowths of the past. Making, as we believe he does, too broad generalizations from Mr. Wigmore's studies, turning bare facts often into epics and idyls, he gives wrong impressions of the past reality. Instead of the almost Edenic peace and calm and happy satisfaction of the peasantry with their rulers, the reader familiar with Japanese local history recalls, in many of the fiefs and provinces, chronic stories of bloody uprisings of cruel lords and gentry. The "pinching and searching economies" concerned the farmers and common people rather than the *samurai*, who lived without paying tolls or taxes. When, further, Mr. Knapp quotes his friend Fukuzawa—ever noble and illustrious name—and understands him to say (pp. 50 51) (even supposing a time limit of one man's life), that *only three* cases had been known in which "the hundred thousand samurai of his province had ever exercised the cruel privilege" of slaying without fear of punishment any inferiors who chanced to incur their anger, we wonder whether the author has any sense of humor. Indeed, there are not a few pages in this charming work where a keener sense of the funniness of exaggeration might have tempered our author's statements. When we remember that over one-twelfth of the population wore swords, paid no toll or taxes, and lived among unarmed inferior and more numerous classes of people who were political ciphers, having very few rights which the two-sworded man was bound to respect, even one who makes use of the same data accessible to Mr. Knapp cannot, Japanophile though he be, reach his conclusion. When to these data are added personal memories of popular local tales of murder, the actual sight of dead bodies lying in the streets cut down by the sword-wearers, and, above all, when one knows well the popular literature of Japan, he must necessarily picture a state of things quite different from what Mr. Knapp sets forth.

However, for the general reader who wants enjoyment, and would know the bright side of old Japan, these very fascinating volumes, gems of beauty and treasures of delight, form the best accessible introduction to the study of feudal Japan. Even those who think Mr. Knapp's pictures over-colored will thank author and publisher for this contribution to a study that increases in fascination as its depths are explored.

The Elder Pliny's Chapters on the History of Art. Translated by K. Jex-Blake; with an historical introduction and commentary by Eugénie Sellers, and additional notes contributed by H. L. Urlichs. Macmillan Co. 1896.

THE Elder Pliny is a writer with whom few scholars other than archæologists or grammarians have more than a bowing acquaintance. While the polite letters of that bland gentle-

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man, his nephew, are regularly taken as an antidote to Juvenal, the laborious uncle is as regularly skipped. He is avoided partly for his form, partly for his matter. Pliny's Latin is too unclassical to figure among the "set books" of the Oxford schools, just classical enough to provide cases of over-development and back waters of syntax in an historical treatment of the same. A style that reflects the rhetoric of Seneca and foreshadows the epigrammatic brevity of Tacitus is, of course, eclipsed by comparison with either. Yet it has a claim on the historian of style, and when Quintilian admitted that the *contorta vis orationis*—the "contorted manner"—might have its uses for holding the attention, he may have been thinking of the learned involutions of the Elder Pliny.

The collection of literature always follows close on its decay. Pliny read more books than any other man of his age, and read them all with a view to the collection of literary curiosities. Literary reminiscences were the stock-in-trade of the profession of Sophist which was rapidly coming into fashion, and we are told that one of these showy declaimers offered upwards of $16,000 for Pliny's notebooks—that legacy to Pliny the nephew of 160 volumes from which the 'Historia Naturalis' had been compiled. So far, then, Pliny is the Roman counterpart of Athenæus, but here the parallel ends, for while the 'Deipnosophists' has been abridged to a mere thesaurus of quotations, Pliny wove his extracts into a text that, by its terseness, defied the epitomizers of the following centuries. His art history and art criticism were but a drop of water in the comprehensive ocean of his interests. What he had aimed at writing was an encyclopædia of the whole range of natural products, but there are episodes dealing with their application by human skill; the history of painters being a digression in the chapter on "kinds of earth and stones"—*terrae ipsius genera lapidumque.*

Without the slightest talent for observation, Pliny relied entirely upon books, but a defect that makes him irritating to the natural scientist is his chief credential as the historian of art and artists. Art criticism is the last thing we want from a Roman. To be æsthetic was not in the Roman blood, and æsthetic emotion was never anything more than a pose with the Grecomaniacs of the Empire. When one recalls Cicero's condescending excuses for the infatuation of those poor Greek beggars with the cold comfort of their art treasures, or the immortal contract of Mummius for the replacement, by facsimiles, of works of art lost at sea, one is not disposed to cavil at Pliny's plagiarisms. He frequently misinterprets his Greek originals, but Pliny's whole-souled blunders are not likely to mislead, and we can afford to touch lightly on the identification of Myron the Statuary with Myro, the girl friend of Erinna, or the differentiation of the Doryphoros of Polykleitos—the "common measure" of perfect man—from the "Canon." All Pliny's criticism and analysis of Greek works of art is Greek in origin, and his æsthetic appreciations are never his own; his chronological treatment is incomplete—for instance, he makes a bare allusion to the celebrated Pergamene school of art, and that not in its proper place; in many cases he speaks of works of art that had disappeared long before his generation as though they were still in Rome; in all his pages of art history there is, perhaps, only one instance where he speaks from observation. After half a century of tooth-and-nail criticism the Germans have left Pliny a tattered thing. But the borrowings from the Greek Xenocrates and Duris and Antigonos of Karystos and the Roman Varro that have been identified with tolerable certainty have nearly all their original value for the archæologist. The work of tracing Pliny's sources, begun by Otto Jahn in the middle of this century, has been carried on by Brieger, Brunn, Urlichs, and Furtwängler; and, only last year, Münzer, in the *Hermes*, detected Varro under Pliny, and sighted the Greek beyond Varro.

The most important feature of the present work is the historical introduction by Miss Sellers, which is a suggestive and scholarly survey of the efforts of the German critics to estimate the precise debt of Pliny to Varro and the Greek historians of art, and, where possible, to assign his own contribution to each one of these ultimate sources. Miss Sellers is also responsible for the excellent commentary. Here, as in the introduction, both from her own studies and from communication with German workers in the same field, she has been able to throw light on many disputed passages. We note, in passing, that her elaborate explanations of the word *scaena*, wherever it occurs in the Latin text, betray the disciple of Dörpfeld. The selections from Pliny here translated are practically the same as those published with notes by the elder Urlichs as part of his 'Chrestomathia Pliniana' (Berlin, 1857)—*i. e.*, those portions of the Thirty-third, Thirty-fourth, and Thirty-fifth Books of the 'Historia' that deal with silver-chasing, bronze statuary, painting, modelling, and sculpture in marble; and considerable use, with due acknowledgment, has been made of that excellent edition. The direct share of the younger Urlichs in the work is not important, and the notes bracketed as his are designed chiefly to point out alphabetical groupings which, now and then, help to settle a disputed reading.

The text is based on that of Detlefsen (1866-73), with, however, a closer adherence to the tenth-century Codex Bambergensis. There are other deviations from Detlefsen suggested by later criticism, and, in some cases, the earlier readings of Sillig (1855) or of Urlichs (1857) are retained, but the critical apparatus is slight. In xxxiv. 71, Miss Sellers's preference for the above Codex leads her to read *fecit, se impari, equis sine æmulo expressis*, which is inferior in sense and grammar to that of Detlefsen, *fecit, equis semper sine*, etc. In the same passage is offered the radical emendation *Aleman poeta* for the MS. *Alchimena;* the editor's objection to *Alcumena* (Urlichs, etc) is based on the expression *in hominum effigie*, which she considers inappropriate for a feminine subject; but this will hardly hold (*cf.* xxxv. 113, *nihil aliud quam homines pinxit*, where *homines* is rightly translated "figures," *i. e.*; men and women as opposed to animals, etc.). It is true that Pliny elsewhere writes *Alcmena*, but the archaic *Alcumena* is found in Cicero (*Nat. Deor.*, iii. 16) and is quite in place in an author deeply in debt to Varro. Miss Jex-Blake's translation is skilful throughout, and often very ingenious. On page 71 we fail to see why *violentia Neronis* should be rendered by the curious phrase, "Nero, by the strong hand. . . ."

The general effect of accurate scholarship in the book is marred by certain inconsistencies of notation. We take at random Lucian, *Dial. Meretr.* (p. 71), Lucian, The Liars (p. 62); Lucian "Ερωτες (p. 193); Maenads, mainades, and mainads all occur as the English forms; Vergil (p. 12), Virgil (p. 197); Cyrus and Kyros (p. 185); Crete (p. 185) and Krete (p. 223); whereas Miss Sellers regularly writes "indices," Miss Jex-Blake has the last word with "indexes." A word, too, about the spelling of the Greek names. Miss Sellers's rule is to transliterate, where possible, but she has not always had the courage of her convictions. Where one so drastic fears to tread we have no inclination to rush in, but alongside of Delphoi, Soloi, Ailian, Souidas, and Akademie we have the right to expect Loukian, Douris, and Skylla. There, however, Miss Sellers drew the line.

To the list of corrigenda we add the following: p. xiii, for "distinct to" read "distinct from"; p. xliv, for "Xenocratic" read "Xenokratic" as elsewhere; p. xlix, for "Demetrius" read "Demetrios" (*cf.* p. lvi); p. 35, for "Silanus" read "Salanus"; p. 47 for "p. 301" (in Pater's 'Greek Studies') read "p. 305"; p. 53, for "huntsman" read "huntsmen"; p. 74 for "Arrius and Pæta" read "Arria and Pætus;" p. 85, for "Hollwerda" read "Holwerda"; p. 144, for "contradiction" read "contradistinction"; p. 146, for "Moschos I." read "Moschos II."; p. 169, for "extinctæ" read "exstinctæ," as in text.

The book will appeal especially, we imagine, to candidates for Part II. (Archæology) of the Cambridge Classical Tripos; but for all students of archæology it will serve as a much needed handbook to those portions of Pliny that are indispensable to the study of Greek and Roman art history.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Barrett, Wilson. The Sign of the Cross. Philadelphia: J. B Lippincott Co.
Barry, J. D. Mademoiselle Blanche. Stone & Kimball. $1.50.
Bennett, F. M. The Steam Navy of the United States. Pittsburgh: Warren & Co. $5.
Berkeley, Ch. de Marcelle, et Aventure en Voyage. Paris: Colin & Cie.
Book-Prices Current. 1896. London: Elliot Stock.
Burke's Speech on Conciliation. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 25c.
Fortier, Prof. Alcée. Napoléon: Extracts. Boston: Ginn & Co. 55c.
Freytag, Gustav. Martin Luther. Chicago: *Open Court* Publishing Co. $1.
Campbell, Helen. Household Economics. Putnams. $1.50.
Candiani, R. Tolstoi. [Pages Choisies des Auteurs Contemporains.] Paris: Colin & Cie.
Cartault, Prof. A. Étude sur les Bucoliques de Virgile. Paris: Colin & Cie.
Charrington, Charles. A Sturdy Beggar. Stone & Kimball. $1.25.
Charrington, Charles. Lady Bramt Ghost. Stone & Kimball. $1.25.
Clouston, Octavia. What Would the World Think? Dodworth Publishing House.
Cornill, Prof. C H. The Prophets of Israel. Chicago: *Open Court* Publishing Co, 25c
Davis, M. E. M. A Christmas Masque of Saint Roch. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.
Dodge, W. R. A Strong Man Armed, and Other Tales. London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co.
Edwards, Dr. W. A., and Harraden, Beatrice. Two Health-Seekers in Southern California. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.
Green, Anna K. That Affair Next Door. Putnams. $1.
Greene, Dr. Reuben. Thoughts for the People. Boston: Lee & Shepard
Holliday, Henry. Stained Glass as an Art. Macmillan. $6.50.
Holm, Adolf. The History of Greece. Vol. III. Macmillan. $2.50.
Hoyt, J. K. The Cyclopedia of Practical Quotations. New Edition, revised, corrected, and enlarged. Funk & Wagnalls Co
Hunter, Sir W. W. The Thackerays in India, and Some Calcutta Graves. Henry Frowde.
Johnson, Prof. A., and Woodburn, Prof. J. A. American Orations. Vol. III. Putnams. $1.25
Kent, Prof. C. F. A History of the Hebrew People. The Divided Kingdom. Scribners. $1.25.
Lanier, Sidney. The English Novel. Revised ed. Scribners. $2.
Leake, Frederick. Historic Bubbles. Albany: Riggs Publishing Co. $2 50.
Little, Rev A. W. The Intellectual Life of the Priest: its Duties and its Dangers. Milwaukee: Young Churchman Co. 15c.
Macleod, H. D. The History of Economics. London: Bliss, Sands & Co.; New York: Putnams.
Mayrader, Julia. Miss Ayr of Virginia, and Other Stories. Chicago: H. S. Stone & Co. $1.25.
Maud, Constance. Wagner's Heroines. Edward Arnold. $4.
Maupassant, Guy de. Madame Tellier's Girls. G. W. Dillingham Co. 50c.
Meunier, G. Joséphа. G. W. Dillingham Co 50c.
Morgan, Prof. C. L. Habit and Instinct. Edward Arnold. $4.
Morris, I. N With the Trade-Winds: A Jaunt in Venezuela and the West Indies. Putnams. $1.25.
Morrison, W. D. Juvenile Offenders Appletons. $1.50.
Norton, J. S. Addresses and Fragments in Prose and Verse. Chicago: A. C McClurg & Co.
Oldenberg, Prof. H. Ancient India: Its Language and Religions. Chicago: *Open Court* Publishing Co. 50c.
Paston, George. The Career of Candida. Appletons. $1.

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Roberts, C G. D. The Book of the Native. Lamson, Wolffe & Co.
Ross, Albert. His Foster Sister. G. W. Dillingham Co. $1.
Sharp, William. Wives in Exile: A Comedy in Romance. Lamson, Wolffe & Co.
Sloane, Prof. W. M. Life of Napoleon Bonaparte. Vol II. Century Co.
Soderini, Count Edward. Socialism and Catholicism. Longmans, Green & Co. $2.
Wagner, Richard. A Pilgrimage to Beethoven. Chicago: *Open Court* Publishing Co. 50c.
Wells, Carolyn. At the Sign of the Sphinx: A Book of Charades. Stone & Kimball. $1.25.
Wells, Prof. B. W. Moser and Heiden's Köpnickerstrasse 120. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 30c.
Wenley, Prof. R M. Contemporary Theology and Theism. Scribners. $1.25.

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